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A. A. Rowland

MEMORIAL

OF THE

LIFE AND SERVICES

OF THE LATE

REV. HENRY A. ROWLAND, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE

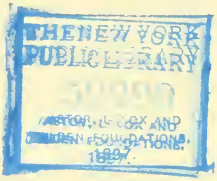
PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

With the Sermon Preached at his Funeral,

BY E. R. FAIRCHILD, D.D.

NEW YORK:
M. W. DODD, 506 BROADWAY.
1860.



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MEMORIAL.

We have been requested to give a sketch of the Life of the late Rev. Henry A. Rowland, D. D., late Pastor of the Park Church in Newark, New Jersey. We have hesitated to comply with this request, lest we should do justice neither to him nor to ourself; for, to describe him as he was, to portray him under the different aspects in which he appeared as the shifting light fell upon him, requires a firm and skilful hand. Others too may be more competent than ourself to speak of his ministerial character and labors. But we have known and loved him long, we have seen him at all hours and in many scenes, we have followed

his course from youthful to riper years, and our heart has pleaded with the wishes of his friends that we should pay this tribute to his memory. We cannot hope that it will be a lasting record of his useful life and services, but it may recall some things which those who knew him will wish to remember, and it will present, however imperfectly, the example of a warm-hearted, upright and generous man, frank, bold, decided, and independent, yet cordial, sympathizing, and true, fond of society, full of activity and good humor, the sincere Christian, the acceptable writer, the faithful and successful minister of the gospel. We shall be able, in the space allowed us, and under the circumstances in which we write, only to trace some of the influences which formed his character, and to give a mere outline of his labors. The true record of his life is in its results, not yet nor soon to be complete, and is to be found, not

in these fleeting words, but in the communities in which he lived, and in the many hearts there and elsewhere which he drew to himself and led to piety and virtue.

Henry Augustus Rowland was born of pure New England stock and pious ancestry, at Windsor, in the State of Connecticut, on the nineteenth day of September, eighteen hundred and four. He was the eldest son of the late Henry A. Rowland, long a useful minister of the First Congregational church of that town, and was a grandson of the Rev. David S. Rowland, the previous minister of that church. By his mother's side he was connected with the celebrated divine and metaphysician, Jonathan Edwards—one of the truly great men of New England and America, and for a short time the President of Nassau Hall;—

and he was also a descendant of the Rev. John Warham, the first minister of Windsor, who had been "a famous minister in Exeter, the capital of the County of Devon" in England, and was "one of the principal fathers and pillars of the churches of Connecticut."*

Dr. Rowland admired the noble band of exiles for religious liberty who planted New England, and was fond of tracing his lineage to the first settlement of his native town, where his ancestors filled the sacred office for periods, amounting together to nearly a hundred years. Windsor, as is well known, is the oldest town in the State of Connecticut, and was settled in the years 1635–6, from Dorchester in Massachusetts, the name of which town for a short time and until 1637, it assumed. As early as 1633 the Plymouth people came up

* Trumbull's Hist. of Connecticut, vol. 1, pp. 23, 467.

the river and established here a trading-house or factory. Reports of the fertility of the soil on the Connecticut river and the adaptation of the country to plantation and trade, attracted settlers across the wilderness. In September, 1636, the Rev. John Warham, who had been pastor of the church of Dorchester for six years, settled at Windsor. His church and congregation, the whole of whom are said to have removed to this new place of abode, had generally preceded him. Mr. Warham had come over from England in 1630, in a vessel of four hundred tons, with an "honorable company" drawn from three English counties, who, having been formed into a church just prior to their embarkation at Plymouth, brought with their pastor the ordinances of religion to a place in the wilderness, which they named Dorchester, whence, as we have stated, they removed a few years later to

fertile, but then savage valley of the Connecticut. Rev. Mr. Warham was pastor of the church at Windsor for thirty-four years. The historian of Connecticut speaks of him and the Rev. John Davenport, one of the founders of the colony of New Haven, together as "those venerable fathers who had been singularly instrumental in planting, and had long illuminated, the churches of Connecticut and New England."*

Dr. Rowland often referred with respect and patriotic pride to his grandfather, the Rev. David S. Rowland, who was a graduate of Yale College, and preached for thirteen years at Plainfield, Connecticut, then at Providence, Rhode Island, and afterwards for eighteen years at Windsor, where he was settled March

* Trumbull's Hist. of Conn., vol. 1, pp. 465, 467—Palfrey's Hist. of New England, vol. 1, pp. 339, 340, 369, 450, 453, 454.

27th, 1776, and where in January, 1794, he closed his ministry in its forty-fifth year, and in the seventy-fifth of his age. While pastor of a church at Providence he preached "at Wrentham in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, on the 14th day of July, 1774, on a day of fasting and prayer, occasioned by the distressed situation of public affairs," a sermon which is said to have made a great sensation, and is certainly remarkable for its ability, and for its fearless and emphatic an nouncement at that early period, nearly two years before the declaration of the independence of the colonies was signed, of the American doctrines of civil liberty. The text was, "My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins." He breaks forth at times into a rude energy of expression, and assails the doctrine of passive obedience with contemptuous logic. His liberty-loving grandson keenly

relished the argument, and caused the sermon to be published in one of the public prints as an example of the freedom and independence of the pulpit in our revolutionary period.

He thus speaks of his grandfather in connection with it: "The Hon. Judge Daggett, of New Haven, informed me that he was present when the discourse was delivered, and that it produced a very great excitement. I have been told by my father that my grandfather was a powerful and eloquent preacher, of commanding presence in the pulpit, and of fine elocution. It was not my happiness to know him, he having died long before I was born. He was ever a firm and zealous defender of the liberties of our country against foreign aggression. He was pastor of the Presbyterian or Congregational church in Providence, Rhode Island, at the time when the war of the Revolution commenced. So

obnoxious had he made himself to the enemies of the country by his bold and patriotic defence of our liberties from the pulpit, that when the town of Providence was invested he fled with his family in a sloop ; and during the darkness of the night he escaped through the enemy's fleet and went up the Connecticut river. He afterwards settled in Windsor, where he died. He not only impaired his fortune in the cause of our country, but he equipped a son and sent him into the field, who continued in the service seven years and to the close of the war." Two of his sons were clergymen,—the late Rev. William F. Rowland, of Exeter, New Hampshire, an amiable and excellent man, and the Rev. Henry A. Rowland, of Windsor.

Rev. Henry A. Rowland, who was a graduate of Dartmouth College, was settled at Windsor in 1790, as the colleague of his father,

and remained as such colleague until his father's death, or for about four years, when he became the sole pastor of the First Congregational church of that town, where he died November 28th, 1835, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was a man of sense and worth, who did not hesitate to speak what he regarded as the truth with freedom and plainness. He was of unspotted character, and was esteemed as a sound preacher, and as "in doctrine incorrupt." He was much interested in the religious intelligence of the day, and from the first in those benevolent religious enterprises of New England, then in their infancy, which have since grown to majestic proportions. In his parlor, the Constitution of the Connecticut Bible Society, one of the earliest Bible societies of the country, was drawn up. The interest in benevolent objects which he felt he inspired from their earliest years in his

children. His parish, in all parts of which he constantly labored, was very extensive, running no less than eleven miles along the river, and being upon an average perhaps three miles in breadth. His first wife was Elizabeth Newbery, by whom he had one child, who died in infancy.

On the 14th of April, 1800, he married Frances Bliss, a daughter of the late Moses Bliss, of Springfield, Massachusetts, a woman of great loveliness and excellence of character, of unusual sweetness and modesty of disposition, refined feeling, gentle manners, strong and steady affections, and warm and cheerful piety. To her might well be applied the beautiful lines of Pope—

> "Oh! blest with temper whose unclouded ray,
> Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

Her son Henry had great love and just admiration for his mother.

Her father was one of the five members of the bar of the county of Hampshire, in the State of Massachusetts, who before the Revolution had reached the rank of barrister, and he was one of the principal advocates and counsellors in that county. His son, the late Hon. George Bliss, himself an eminent lawyer, in an address to the bar of the counties of Hampshire, Hampden, and Franklin, in 1826, says of him: "I believe he was generally esteemed a sound lawyer and skilful special pleader. He graduated at Yale College in 1775, studied divinity, and preached for some time; after which he read law a year with Col. Worthington, and was admitted to the bar at November Term, 1761, and left practice in the year 1798." He married Abigail Metcalf, a niece of President Edwards, by whom he had a numerous family of children, of whom the mother of Dr. Rowland was one. For several of

the later years of his life he was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Hampshire. We are unable at this distance of time to state for what reason he changed his profession, but he was a man of character and piety, and for a long time and until his death was a deacon of the First Congregational church in Springfield. He died July 3d, 1814.

Of the happy marriage of the parents of Dr. Rowland, there were five sons and two daughters, all of whom lived to mature life. Of these only one son and one daughter are now living. Their parents were anxious and careful to give their children a good education; and, although the father had a very moderate salary, by great frugality and economy they accomplished the object. Three of the sons received a liberal education, and four of them entered the different learned professions. Two of them became ministers of the gospel—two

brothers thus following in the footsteps of two brothers of a preceding generation. One of the brothers of Dr. Rowland was the Rev. James Rowland, who, after having been engaged for some years in the practice of medicine, abandoned it for the sacred ministry, and became the pastor of the Presbyterian church at Circleville, Ohio. He is said to have been "a marked and beloved member" of his Presbytery, and was an earnest and interesting preacher. When the cholera prevailed in the place of his residence, he performed the double duty of minister and physician. He died at Circleville of consumption, brought on by his incessant labors, manfully contending with disease to the last, preaching as long as it was possible to preach and until within three months of his death, continuing to use his pen when he could no longer occupy the pulpit, and calmly watch-

ing his own ebbing life, until his physician announced, in reply to an inquiry, that his pulse could be no longer felt.

At Windsor, in the comfortable home, and amid the numerous family of his father, who, to supply the deficiency of his salary, cultivated some farming-lands, and had some farming-stock, and orchards of fine fruit, Henry spent a large part of his active and happy boyhood. He was from very early years familiar with the gun and the fishing-rod, and all kinds of wood-craft and country sports, and to a certain extent such rural labors as were appropriate to his age. Thence in a great measure the excellent health so long preserved by him, that remarkable flow of spirits which was so characteristic of him through life, and that taste for the brook and woods, which never deserted him. His native place was favorable to such tastes and habits,—an old,

quiet farming town, with broad streets and venerable elms, on its eastern side swept for its whole length by the Connecticut, and consisting of a zone of fertile meadow along the river, and of level upland with fields and woodland behind. Through the centre of the town, past the church which crowned its bank, flowed the Farmington river, a considerable stream, which, rising in the mountains of western Massachusetts, first crosses its southern border and hurries towards the ocean, but suddenly turning northward at Farmington with reverted steps, as if loth to leave the pleasant country from which it comes, here runs easterly and separates the town into nearly equal parts. The town originally comprehended large tracts of land on both sides of the Connecticut river, and in the part of Windsor, on the eastern side, now East Windsor, in 1703, Jonathan Edwards was born. Like

Dr. Rowland, he died at the age of fifty-five years.

"ÆTATIS LV. HEU NIMIS BREVIS,"*

and his ashes also rest away from his native place in the soil of New Jersey. Windsor has another title to distinction, which in this connection we may perhaps be pardoned for mentioning. It was the place of residence of Oliver Ellsworth, the second Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to whom among other public services is attributed the drawing of that famous act of Congress, the judiciary act, under which the Courts of the United States were organized, and their business has ever since been conducted. He was the parishioner at Windsor of the Rev. Mr. Rowland, who, on the death of Chief Justice Ellsworth in the year 1807, preached his funeral sermon.

* Epitaph of Pres. Edwards at Princeton.

In this place, among such traditions and scenes, and under the instructions of such parents, in the freedom and affection of his own home, with the wide range of his father's parish, and a free welcome at the houses of relatives and friends, Henry spent a light and joyous youth, full of life, action, and excess of spirits. Here he attended school until, we believe, his thirteenth year. For about six months he then went to the grammar-school in Hartford, but completed his preparation for college at the Academy in Springfield, the native place of his mother, where for that purpose he resided at the house of an uncle for two years or more. He pursued his studies at this school with considerable diligence. His mind was gaining general strength and expansion, if not much accurate learning. He was now the ardent, resolute, almost impetuous boy, a leader of sports on land and on water, his irrepressi-

ble spirits breaking out in his intercourse with his friends and companions on all occasions, and in spite of every restraint, in laughter and frolic. In the circle of his numerous relatives at Springfield, who were so closely connected with his father's family, by ties of relationship curiously intertwined,* that all might be considered as one larger family, he had freedom and indulgence, and his social nature was warmed and developed.

But he was soon to enter on a different scene. In September, 1819, at the age of fifteen, he entered Yale College. If not the youngest, as he believed, he was among the youngest of a class, which at the time of its graduation in 1823 consisted of seventy-two members. Of the four years spent by him

* Two of the brothers of Mrs. Rowland, his mother, married, the one (Hon. George Bliss) the sister, and the other (Mr. Moses Bliss) the niece of his father.

in college he always retained a pleasant and grateful recollection. He was ever warmly attached to the venerable institution at which he was educated, which for more than one hundred and fifty years has pursued its career of honor and usefulness, and which has, at the present time, more than three thousand living graduates. His youth, and want of due and thorough preparation for college, prevented his taking that position in his class as a scholar which he might have otherwise reached, but he always considered the instructions and the discipline which he obtained there as of great and lasting value.

He had reason to remember his connection with Yale College with pleasure and gratitude, for a more important reason: he experienced there that change of character, compared with which all others are trivial and unimportant. During his freshman year there was a revival

of religion in New Haven, which extended to Yale College. His attention was arrested. Under the preaching and familiar instructions of the Rev. Mr. Nettleton, who was active in those scenes, he was deeply penetrated with a sense of his own guilt as a sinner, and of his need of that absolute and complete renovation which the Scriptures emphatically call a new birth. His convictions on the subject were deep and permanent. No one who has read his works, and knows how competent he was to guide troubled souls in the terrible conflict between nature and grace, between the powers of darkness and those of light, can doubt for a moment that he knew much of that conflict, and something of the victory too. He had led hitherto, not a vicious, but a thoughtless, careless, heedless life. He had been too well instructed not to know that a life without God in the world is not innocent because it does

not break out into bold and startling transgressions, and not to feel the claims of the law of God, in their strictness and extent, when pressed upon his awakened conscience. The lessons of his youth, and his familiar acquaintance with the Scriptures could not have left him much in doubt as to the plan of salvation, and he soon found peace in believing. The change in his character and course of life was marked and decided. Early in his Sophomore year he began to think of making a public profession of religion. In a letter to a friend, dated 17th December, 1820, after saying that his time is very much taken up with his studies, and expressing his earnest desire that the Lord would pour out his Spirit on Springfield and Windsor, and his anxiety for the salvation of some of his young friends, he says: "I have lately thought a great deal about making a profession of religion. It is a

very important duty, and cannot be entered into with too much prayer and self-examination. It is a great thing to become a humble, pious follower of our Saviour. I have thought, if I made a profession and *did* not according to it, it would be a greater dishonor to the cause of Christ than if I never made a profession; but God is able to keep me from dishonoring his cause, and if I trust in him he will do it. Some of my companions will come forward next communion. I think that I shall join with them. . . . A great number are to be united to the church in town. The revival in college has ceased; who would have believed it?"

On the 7th of January, 1821, in his Sophomore year, he made a public profession of his faith, and joined the College-church. With his usual decision, he at once fixed upon his future profession, and determined to preach

the gospel, when his collegiate and theological education should be completed.

It was perhaps natural that, with his lineage, he should think of such a course of life for himself. He had, however, on the other hand, seen the trials and self-denial incident to the ministerial life ; and its restraints were alien to his natural tastes and habits. But his ardent and generous nature had been touched by the love of the Saviour, and by the sense of his duty to his fellow-men ; and we do not believe that from the time he was satisfied of his own claim to be considered as a Christian, he hesitated in deciding to proclaim to others that mercy which he hoped he had found himself. He never faltered in that determination. The fire on the altar of his heart might at times burn low, but it never went out.

Although the ruling motive, purpose, and

desire of his life were changed by religion, his natural constitution was unaffected. His buoyant, unchecked spirits springing up as from a living fountain of health and enjoyment, his sportive humor, his warm affections remained. He continued to give free play to all those natural impulses, which he considered as in themselves innocent. There was never, at any time of his life, a single particle of austerity in his composition, and he did not believe that it was any part of religion. He never could see why any person should be less a man or a citizen because he was a Christian. Through life he was without disguise, the enemy of form and pretence, or what appeared to him to be such. Simple and natural, fearless and self-reliant, conscious of his own honesty and sincerity, he spoke freely as he felt. The rising joke, the ludicrous combination of images which amused

himself, the strong or hyperbolical expression by which he might give emphasis to his opinions, in his familiar conversation and his lighter writings which were generally the inspiration of the moment, he did not try to suppress. Those who only saw the foam which sparkled on the surface, without knowing the depth of his character, sometimes misapprehended him.

It would be an error to suppose, however, that his simplicity and openness arose merely from native disposition—the natural sunshine of his heart. Much was no doubt due to this cause. But, at least in his mature life, we think that they sprang also from his conviction of what was right and proper, and belonged to true Christian sincerity.

And when we reflect on the impression he made on others by these qualities, united with his disinterested courage and large heart,

when we remember the strong attachments which they inspired, and the influence they gave him, we may well doubt whether the mistake is not often on the side of prudence, whether indeed timidity is always prudence, and whether a cold, artificial character, faultless in external demeanor but wanting in free expression, is not destitute of some of the strongest elements of attraction and nobleness.

At that youthful period of life of which we were last speaking, he was overflowing with animation, with quick impulses. He uttered the rising thoughts of the moment. He often startled—perhaps he liked to startle—those of graver habits, by his disregard of mere conventional forms, or what were deemed the regular proprieties of time and place. Of an affectionate disposition, the presence of friends and kindred always exhilarated him, and in their society he gave the freest range to the

expression of his feelings. He had a vein of humor, afterwards more fully developed, and liked to indulge it. His active mind ran rapidly from grave to gay, too rapidly often for others to follow, or detect the subtle thread of association by which he had been led from the one to the other.

But in the discharge of his religious duties he was always serious and thoughtful, and in his religious principles firm and consistent. In all the methods adopted for the advancement of religion in college he took an interested part, and he did not fail to admonish earnestly his young friends of the great importance of entering upon a religious life. His practical turn of mind was also at this period clearly manifested. But he was yet in the immaturity of youth, with mind and character forming, but in a great measure unformed.

He maintained a fair character and standing through his college course, and had and afterwards retained the respect and regard of the officers of the college, as well as of his class. He was graduated at Yale College in September, 1823, at the early age of nineteen years.

For most of the following year he taught school, first a "small but pleasant" school of both sexes at Glastenbury, Connecticut, for four months, and then for six months "a large and wearisome" school at the Academy in his native town. That the charge of this Academy was entrusted to him by those who had known him in his thoughtless, boyish days, shows that his sterling qualities had not been overlooked. He found no difficulty in these early trials of his skill.

In the meantime he was reading works of standard writers, with evident reference to the profession which he had chosen. In the autumn

of the next year, 1824, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. Here he was very studious and diligent, and labored with earnestness and success in the several departments of sacred study. His class was a fine one, and contained several who had taken the highest honors of college. Under the instruction of Woods, Stuart, and Robinson, he laid broadly and deeply the foundations of his professional education. In the summer of his second year, he was obliged by ill health to leave the Seminary for a short time and to go home, but he soon returned. We learn from one of his letters, that up to this year he had never been confined by sickness. In the winter he had some cold, but he says that he "took some warm tea and put a steam-engine to his feet" and was better. The letters written by him while he was at Andover testify to his studious habits, and break

out at times into characteristic humor. Having remained at the Theological Seminary for the usual term of three years, he left that institution in the autumn of 1827.

In June of that year, while yet a student at the Seminary, he was licensed to preach the gospel, by the Hampden Association, an association of Congregational clergymen of the County of Hampden, Massachusetts.

He went to New York in the autumn of that year, and undertook an agency for the American Bible Society. He is described by the Secretary of the Society as at this time "young, ardent, active, full of cheerful and at times mirthful conversation, yet so blended with frankness and good-nature, and *all* so obviously devoted to the interests of religion, as to render him an agreeable companion and a promising minister." He was first employed in the State of New York in the counties of

Columbia, Rensellaer, and Albany. In the spring of the following year he passed over to Maine, and went through that State. Returning he proceeded through the lower counties of the State of Connecticut, the State Society having just contracted its labors to the four Northern counties. He continued in his agency until the end of the summer of 1829. In this service he formed in these three States auxiliary societies, in direct connection with the parent society, with branches in the towns, connected with the county auxiliaries. This was an important work, in this early and what may perhaps be called transition period of the national society, when it was extending itself systematically over the older States. He then went to New York, and took the place, or discharged the duties of the Secretary of the Society, during his absence, and prepared, under the supervision of a committee,

certain publications for the Society. One of these was a pamphlet of about fifty pages, containing an exact and detailed account of the principles and operations of the American Bible Society, and of the manner of organizing and conducting auxiliary and branch societies, with numerous precise and practical suggestions. He was thus employed until the spring of 1830. We have reason to believe that, in his connection with the American Bible Society, he showed much executive ability, and we are assured that his whole course, while he was connected with it, was such as to create a cordial attachment, which lasted through life, between him and its board and officers.

He was next invited to supply the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Skinner in Philadelphia, during his absence, and spent the summer of the year last mentioned in the dis-

charge of this duty. In these various employments he had been gaining what he needed—experience, maturity, and knowledge of mankind.

In the autumn of the same year, he was invited to the Presbyterian church of Fayetteville, in the State of South Carolina, and accepted the invitation. Before entering upon this new field of labor, he was ordained as a Presbyterian minister, by the Presbytery of New York, on the 24th day of November, 1830, at the church of which the Rev. Mr. Carroll was pastor, in Brooklyn. The sermon on this occasion was preached by the Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Cox. Mr. Rowland immediately entered upon his ministerial duties at Fayetteville, where he remained for about three years and a half, preaching with acceptance and success, and being greatly respected and beloved.

In May, 1831, the disastrous fire occurred which laid that whole city in ruins. This was an event which called forth the whole activity and energy of Mr. Rowland's nature. In the conflagration itself, he was among the foremost and most intelligent in efforts to arrest the fiery deluge, blowing up buildings which lay in its path with his own hands. By his letters to the New York Journal of Commerce, and to the National Gazette, under his own signature, he was the first to give to the North tidings of this dire calamity. In his letter, under date of May 29th, 1831, to the editor of the latter newspaper, he gave the following vivid and affecting picture of the appalling devastation.

"Sir—Fayetteville is no more! This morning the sun rose upon us in its beauty, and with gladdened hearts we flocked to the churches of our God—now we are in RUINS!

But two stores of all that this place contained are standing. The rest are entirely consumed. Nothing but stacks of tottering chimneys remains to tell what we once were.

"Except in the outskirts of the town, and in those streets which are a little off from the centre of our town, not a dwelling-house remains. All the churches, with the exception of the Methodist, which is distant from the centre of the town, are destroyed. The academy, the two splendid hotels, our printing-offices, the two banks, the old state-house, every apothecary's shop, and some of our mills, are in ashes.

"The fire communicated (it is supposed) from a chimney, precisely in the centre of the town, and spread with inconceivable rapidity through every street. It was just after the congregation had been dismissed, about half-past 12 o'clock, when the fire was first dis-

covered, and in less than one hour and a half, our village was literally a "sea of flame." The goods were consumed in the streets, the engines were burnt at their stands. Some who had property removed to a distance in expectation of safety, were disappointed; too soon the devouring element reached them. The churches, though at a distance from each other, were soon in flames. The tall steeple of the Presbyterian church seemed a pyramid of fire; for a while it stood firm—soon the bell descended with a crash—the steeple trembled, tottered, and fell. The Episcopal church, which apparently caught at the same time, was soon in ashes.

"As I wandered through the outskirts of the place to administer relief, so far as possible, to the distressed, my heart sunk within me. The sick were borne out of their houses, and were lying on pallets in the street. Others, faint

and exhausted, were reclining on the beds which had been thrown out. Every moment our ears were stunned with the explosion of powder, to demolish the buildings, which might stay the flames. But although many were thus levelled, there was not strength to pull the timbers from the reach of the conflagration.

"It is impossible to paint the heart-rending scenes which everywhere occurred. Parents were inquiring for their children, and children for their parents, and in every countenance reigned despair.

"I have been round the fire in every direction, and the above statements are the result of my own observation. From where I now write I can perceive, for the extent of nearly half a mile, the light which flashes up from the smouldering ruins. A very small portion of the property was insured. Most of the

people *lost their all!* Our distress may be partially imagined, but cannot be justly conceived of. Much bodily injury was experienced, but, so far as is at present known, no lives were lost. What results may be ascertained when our friends are collected, it is impossible to say."

His letter to the New York Journal of Commerce, written on the next day after the fire, was still fuller and more affecting. Not only three churches and the other public buildings already mentioned, but as nearly as could be estimated, one hundred and five stores, (being all but three in the town,) independently of warehouses, dwelling-houses, and out-houses of every description, and mills, occupying an area of about half a square mile, were burnt up, in all about six hundred buildings, being consumed. The pecuniary loss was estimated at a million or a million and a

half of dollars. "We are crowded together in the outskirts of the town," he says, "and many last night slept in the open air. The sufferings of our people must be immense; some of our wealthy citizens are stript of *all their property*, and have not where to lay their heads. Not even their clothes were saved. Though so far as can be ascertained, no lives were lost; yet so exhausted and faint were many that they threw themselves down upon whatever chanced to be near them, and others fell in the street and were obliged to be carried home. We learn that numbers are sick; and to complete our misfortunes, all our medicine shops and medicine are destroyed. . . . . It is our hope, that by the blessing of Providence, before the season for the fall business is over, such provision may be made by our merchants for the carrying on of business, that our lives may be sustained, so that to the evils of *beg-*

gary may not be added those of *starvation.*" The whole country was roused to sympathy by this sad event and these touching appeals. Other accounts followed, or were published in other quarters. Mr. Rowland was soon at the North, by his conversation and addresses from the pulpit, making a deep impression in regard to this painful catastrophe; and although his appeals were directly for aid to rebuild his own church, they necessarily led him to describe the whole scene and to tell the whole moving story. Contributions flowed in from all parts of the country. Prompt measures were taken in Raleigh and Wilmington to relieve the necessities of the sufferers. The merchants of Fayetteville were received with the greatest kindness by the merchants of New York, who notwithstanding their own severe losses by the fire, contributed liberally to the town, and assisted by the credit which they

extended to the merchants of that place, to re-establish its business. The amount contributed to the relief of the town was not far from a hundred thousand dollars, the larger portion of which, we presume, was from the North. The country, it must be remembered, was far less rich then than it is now. Some idea may be had of the difference by comparing the revenue and expenditures of the General Government at that time with what they are at the present time. We can hardly be mistaken in attributing to Mr. Rowland a large part in the result shown in this generous bounty.

Before a week from the day of the fire had expired, by a vote of the session of the Presbyterian church, he was authorized and requested to solicit funds for rebuilding the church. They say with pathos: "Our worldly substance is gone; and we desire more than ever to seek an enduring substance—a

heavenly inheritance. But alas, we have no shelter but the broad canopy of heaven, under which to meet and render praise and homage to the Most High." No part of the funds contributed for the relief of the town could, of course, be applied to that object, and the necessity of aid was more urgent that just before the fire a special and successful effort had been made to free the church from debt, so that the loss by the destruction of the edifice was absolute. Mr. Rowland at once came on to the North and visited Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, together with different towns in New England and its vicinity, and from the pulpit and by personal solicitation, presented the case and appeal of his church and congregation; and as every town where it was desirable to solicit aid could not be reached in this way, he prepared and sent to many churches a circular letter,

with the appropriate text prefixed: "*Our holy and our beautiful house where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste.*" The appeal was successful. Liberal contributions for this object were made in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Hartford, Springfield, Troy, Boston, Newark, and many other places. The amount raised by Mr. Rowland for rebuilding the church was not less than from seven to nine thousand dollars. The funds collected were almost sufficient to rebuild both the church, which had originally cost about twenty-five thousand dollars, but of which the walls had been left standing by the fire, and the session-house, and on the 12th of August, 1831, the former reconstructed, was joyfully dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. Mr. Rowland, in his discourse delivered on that occasion and afterwards published, of which

the theme was "The real glory of a church," from the text, "The glory of the latter house shall be greater than the glory of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts," pronounced the new edifice to be *a monument of Christian benevolence*, and a new evidence of God's goodness, and rendered the thanks of a grateful people to their benefactors.

Although it fills some space, we could not resist giving this beautiful picture of sympathy and gratitude. The misfortune was almost unexampled, the liberality happily not so. The instances of Fayetteville and Norfolk show how the great heart of the nation really beats, and how it pours its blood to repair the wounded part, however diverse may be the circumstances and convictions of duty in different parts of the country.

Mr. Rowland continued his labors at Fayetteville with great pleasure to himself, and as he

hoped not without profit to his people, and with strong mutual affection between them and himself, until the spring of 1834. Nothing ever occurred to disturb their harmony. His frankness and freedom and warmth of feeling were congenial with the Southern character. In 1833, through his efforts the Donaldson Academy was established at that place. On the fifteenth day of August of that year he was married, at the city of New York, to Harriet Heyer, with whom he had become acquainted during his visit there in eighteen hundred and thirty-one. Her modesty will forbid me to say more than that she is the daughter of the late Isaac Heyer, a merchant of that city, and was the beloved and faithful wife of the husband whom she survives. Sorrow trod closely on the heels of gladness. Only three days after his marriage his mother died at Windsor, and he reached his father's house just in season

to hear her last words, which were "my son," as he bent over and told her that he had come.

Finding the doctrines of the Presbyterian church much misunderstood and misrepresented, he preached and published this year a sermon entitled "The elect saved by faith," and in the following year he published "A conversation on decrees and free-agency," in the form of a familiar dialogue between James and John, a plain and forcible exposition of the doctrines of the Presbyterian confession of faith on these topics. Both of these publications show much logical ability and discrimination for his age.

The North Carolina Presbyterian, a religious newspaper printed at Fayetteville, thus speaks of his ministry there: "Though twenty-five years have elapsed since he left Fayetteville, his memory is tenderly cherished by many of our citizens, and sincere sorrow is expressed

at his death. Here he began his regular ministry, and his early labors were greatly blessed to the conversion of souls and the edification of the church. It was during his pastorate that the great fire of 1831 occurred, in which the Presbyterian house of worship was reduced to ashes. We have learned that Mr. Rowland had intended resigning his charge about that time, but the calamitous event which deprived his people of their sanctuary changed his purpose, and he determined to remain and continue his labors until the church was rebuilt. His ardor and enthusiastic energy were contagious, and his congregation entered with zeal upon the work of replacing the edifice. Through his influence, large contributions were obtained from abroad, and in a few months the house was erected, which remains to this day.

"Three years after the building was erected,

and chiefly through his agency, Mr. Rowland resigned the charge and accepted the call of the Pearl Street Church in New York. Truly the Presbyterians of Fayetteville owe him a heavy debt of gratitude, and not without reason have we heard the frequent expressions of unaffected grief from several of our older citizens during the past week in view of his recent death. . . . . .

"There are few churches in the Union, and in fact we cannot name one, which can point with honest pride to such a succession of able, faithful and godly ministers as the pastors of the Fayetteville church. Kerr, Robinson, Flinn, the three Turners, Morrison, Snodgrass, Hanmer, Kirkpatrick, Rowland, and Gilchrist —this is the honored list whose names have graced her annals, and to whose virtues she refers with grateful affection."

While he was at Fayetteville, and during the winter of 1833, he received two calls to churches in the city of New York; one of them was to be the colleague of the Rev. Dr. Mathews, pastor of the South Dutch Church, and the other to be the sole pastor of the Pearl Street Church in that city. The former he rejected, and the latter accepted.

He was installed as pastor of the Pearl Street Church, April 17th, 1834. He labored here with great diligence and fidelity for about nine years. His life during that period was that of a faithful pastor, and for the most part unmarked with striking incidents. He was punctual, conscientious, and systematic. His sermons were clear and forcible, and generally expository and argumentative, and were of a very uniform degree of excellence. He aimed not to amuse his hearers, but thoroughly to instruct them in the great principles of Chris-

tianity, and to lead them to accept and obey the truth. He dwelt a good deal on the responsibility and sinfulness of man, on the extent and perfection of the divine law, on the nature of the moral government of God and of his character, and on the necessity, sufficiency, and amplitude of the provisions of the gospel, while he did not omit to enforce constantly the practical duties of life. He patiently sought to remove difficulties by kindness, explanation and argument, and not by denunciation; and as by mixing freely with mankind he saw that there was a great deal of unsuspected scepticism afloat in the current conversation of worldly men, so that the truths of the Bible glance off from many minds, because, while the authority of the Bible is not expressly denied, its truths, from a lurking, unexamining scepticism, are doubted, or not admitted to be true, or perhaps wholly disbelieved, he en-

deavored in the later years of his ministry in New York, by carefully tracing back to infidel writers the sayings of such men, to expose them in all their real deformity,

> "For no falsehood can endure
> Touch of celestial temper, but returns
> Of force to its own likeness,"

and bring them to the test of reason and good sense.

His sermon-books, or records of sermons preached, which were neatly and regularly kept, show his great interest, an interest always felt, in the attendance of his congregation at church, and here, as well as at Honesdale and Newark, contain notices from Sabbath to Sabbath of such attendance and of the state of the weather or other circumstances, and the earlier ones even occasionally of the absence of prominent men. Sometimes

other memoranda were made in them, usually of the briefest possible character. At the close of 1837 this one occurs:

"In the beginning of the year 1837, a protracted meeting was held every evening for two weeks. It resulted in the hopeful conversion of about fifteen or sixteen souls, chiefly of the young. The Lord be praised! When I came to Pearl street church, there were only four individuals who were heads of families, who were unconverted, the building old, dark, and tomb-like. Providentially, it was burned in April [May], and we are about erecting a better in its place. My ministry for three years and eight months up to this time has been pleasant, and I hope not without profit. Some left the church and joined the new church, corner of Crosby street and Grand. Some went to Duane street. But their places have been supplied by others

who came in, so that the church remains in numbers about the same. Dec. 20, 1837."

The destruction of the old edifice, which was by a fire caught from an adjacent building, Mr. Rowland did not regret, as will appear by the following entry made at the time: "May 2nd, Old Pearl street burnt at five o'clock this morning, whereat we rejoice."

He knew that the society would never flourish within its uninviting walls. This deprivation of a place of worship was, however, a new call for energy, and it was well and cheerfully met. He had his people to keep together as far as possible, under new and difficult circumstances, and he had to assume new responsibilities. His congregation were invited to meet in the Bowery church, at the corner of the Bowery and Walker street, about three quarters of a mile

distant from the site of the Pearl street church, and the Bowery church having no pastor, both congregations met together as one. He ministered to the joint congregation from June 4th, 1837, to October 7th, 1838, or for about sixteen months, when the Bowery church having been occupied by a new Congregational church, his own congregation were "doomed to wander for three Sabbaths," and then met in the lecture-room in the basement of the new church. On the 14th of April, 1839, nearly two years after the old building had been destroyed, the new edifice, a large and commodious but neat and plain structure of brick, was dedicated to divine worship. The old building was insured at the time of the fire, but the new one was unfortunately left under a heavy debt. The locality, although hardly a block east from Broadway, bordered on the worst part of the city, and was particu-

larly unattractive, and it was almost under the shadow of the spacious Broadway Tabernacle, which threw its doors open freely to all. The church, though virtually Presbyterian, was nominally and perhaps legally an Associate Reformed church, in connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, and its name as an Associate Reformed church, which could be only attractive to the members of a small denomination, if, under the circumstances, to any, was conspicuously inscribed on the new edifice. The prospect was not very auspicious, therefore, for the external prosperity of the church. But Mr. Rowland met bravely, and with his usual good spirits and generosity, all difficulties. At his settlement, he received the bond of responsible trustees, for his annual salary of two thousand dollars, but having some other means for the support of his family, he subscribed every

year largely towards the expenditures of the society, and in one instance at least the sum of five hundred dollars. Wherever he was, he always endeavored by precept and example to educate his people to liberality to benevolent objects. During his residence in New York, the centre of so many benevolent operations, he took a warm and active interest in such operations.

On the 12th of July, 1841, the Broadway Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, its pastor, Dr. Joel Parker, having accepted the Presidency of the Union Theological Seminary in the city of New York, united with the Pearl street church. Of that seminary, Mr. Rowland was one of the original and earnest promoters.

In this year his heart was gladdened by the union of about seventy with his church, thirty-four on the profession of their faith and the rest on letter or certificate from other churches.

Of these, thirty-five were admitted on a single Sabbath in March, twenty-five of them on the profession of their faith. His labors in other years of his ministry in New York were not unrewarded, but not to the same degree or as he wished. We cannot enter into details. He labored hard to induce those to become religious who were not so, and anxiously watched each sign of awakened interest. He warned and instructed with fidelity and constancy, relying not upon arts or eloquence, but upon God himself, to give efficacy to his truth, when clearly expounded and faithfully taught.

He went everywhere and was familiarly acquainted with all his congregation and their circumstances, and met the poorest with heartfelt and unpretending sympathy, and readiness for their relief. His active habits continued to him in vigor what clergymen are apt to lose, health; and in his annual visits to his native

place, or on two or three warm days of mid-autumn, he would steal away with his rod and line and a pleasant companion, to enjoy the open air, the beautiful face of Nature, and to take the finny prey. He regarded himself as in this respect of true Apostolical descent, and had a seal which he sometimes used, with appropriate emblematic device and the words "*piscatores hominum*," fishers of men. In May, 1842, he notes that he was sick-a-bed, the first time he believes he was ever prevented from being in the pulpit by ill health.

The city could not make him artificial, or otherwise than guileless, though it gave him that knowledge of the world, which few clergymen possess, and made it not easy to deceive him by shallow pretension.

His frank and good-humored manners, and his steady, upright course, made him many friends, and gave him a wide influence in the

city out of his own congregation. His brethren in the ministry will tell what confidence they had in him, and what respect and affection for him.

For many years while he resided in New York, he was the recording clerk of the Synod of New York and New Jersey. He was strongly opposed to the exscinding act, by which four Synods were cut off from the Presbyterian church, and by which the denomination was cleft in twain; and in the separation, which, attended with much bitterness at the time, has resulted perhaps in the unexpected growth and prosperity of both branches of the church, he adhered with his own church to what was called the New School or Constitutional Assembly.

In November, 1835, about two years and a half after his mother, his father died. But in his own hospitable home, in pleasant inter-

course with two brothers residing in the city, and with the family of his mother-in-law, daughters of whom the Rev. Dr. John Forsyth and the late Rev. Dr. Abraham Polhemus also married, in the circles of friendship and in the pursuit of the great objects of his calling, his heart found room to expand and was gratified. Pecuniary difficulties, however, continued to press upon his congregation. The tide of population, which has now almost left bare of church-going people the lower part of the city and swept along with it nearly all the churches, had begun to roll strongly up town. Under the circumstances which were found to exist, Mr. Rowland thought he might be more useful elsewhere, and instead of contending with those circumstances as he might, unexpectedly called a meeting of the congregation, and on the seventh day of January, 1843, laid before them his resignation of the charge of Pearl street

church. The congregation by a lage vote expressed their confidence in him, their attachment to him, their belief in the soundness of his doctrines, and their regret at parting with him, but as he desired acquiesced in his determination.

He commenced his ministry in Honesdale, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the 7th of May, 1843.

This is a fine village, or borough, in the county of Wayne, in that State, then of perhaps two or three thousand, now of five or six thousand inhabitants, lying on the Lackawaxen, a branch of the Delaware river, not far from the great coal region, and at the head of the Delaware and Hudson canal. It is encircled and nearly enclosed by hills, and has a thriving population of which a considerable part, at least of the earlier inhabitants and their descendants, is of New England origin.

This was the scene of Mr. Rowland's ardent

and earnest labors for more than twelve years and a half. While he lived here, his principal works were prepared for the press and published. He spent here many happy days of widening influence and usefulness.

After an absence for a short time at Philadelphia, in attendance on the General Assembly, and its Committee *ad interim*, of which he was clerk, he was installed as the pastor of the Presbyterian church at Honesdale, on the 14th of June, 1843. At the time of his settlement the church was in a depressed and distracted condition. But it had given him a unanimous call, which he had deemed it as his duty to accept, and under his bold and faithful ministry it became strong and flourishing.

While he was its pastor it was blessed with three or four revivals of religion, during which some of his own children were hopefully converted and brought into the church. One

of these was in the winter of 1844. A series of special meetings was held, commencing in January of that year. Mr. Rowland's labors during this winter were very arduous. Up to the 25th of February of that year he had preached almost every day at Honesdale, or at Carbondale, and Prompton. On the 3d of the following March, thirty-seven were added to the church at Honesdale, thirty-four of them on the profession of their faith. At the close of the year he thus records the result. "A blessed year, fifty admitted to the church, forty-one on profession. O God, I bless thee for the fruit of my ministry the past year. Oh, may the coming year be more abundant in the harvest of souls, and thine shall be the glory." We do not hesitate to let the perfume of these pious breathings float over our pages, for we know that Mr. Rowland was too honest and sincere a man to express in these private memoranda

anything but what he felt. He was not accustomed to speak of his own personal experience or feelings on the subject of religion.

In 1847 there was some special interest in his congregation on that subject, and about twenty were admitted to the church during that year. He says of it: "A pleasant ministerial year, not unprofitable, I hope. Everything quiet and peaceful." In the year 1848, the church having become too small for his congregation, a subscription of nearly three thousand dollars was made to repair and enlarge it, and to pay off the debt. The edifice in its increased dimensions was enclosed in the autumn of this year, and "enlarged and beautified," was opened in July of the following year, and all the pews taken. But Mr. Rowland mourned over the want of the like spiritual prosperity. During this year he had repeated applications from the Central Presbyte-

rian church of Philadelphia for leave to give him a call, but he declined.

He began his record of sermons for the following year with the invocation, "O let thy Holy Spirit descend upon us, Lord! O God, grant thy grace to thy people to seek thee, that this year may be one of spiritual blessing." So it proved. There was a revival of religion in the winter and spring. Thirty-four joined the church during the year; twenty-eight of them on the profession of their faith. He calls it "a blessed and peaceful year." As he records the progress of the revival from time to time, his feelings of gratitude to God break out in the simple and terse expression of praise to God.

There was also a revival of religion in his congregation in the year 1853. We venture to give some of his brief memoranda of it, not so much because they contain anything new,

as because they are characteristic of the man and bring the scene vividly before us. "Jan. 9. Very full—a work of grace begun." "Jan. 16. Many at inquiry meeting, and P—— and others rejoicing in hope." "Jan. 28. Full. Lecture and inquiry meeting, Saturday evening. 35 inquirers, many converts." "Jan. 31. Lecture-room full. The work of grace advancing." "Feb. 11. As full as can be. Over thirty are indulging hope. And the work is advancing with power." "Feb. 18. There are about fifty hoping—a blessed time." "Feb. 25. Meetings every P. M. at 4, and every evening at 7—forty-five or more hoping. Laus Deo." "March 6. Meetings at $4\frac{1}{4}$ P. M., which have been held for two months, suspended. . . . Between 50 and 60 hoping; several converted last week. Laus Deo." "May 1. Very full. A very pleasant communion. 23 admitted—20 on profession, 2 on

certificate." At the close of the year he sums it up thus: "A blessed and peaceful year. Forty-nine received to the church—thirty-nine on profession of their faith." We intend to give only salient points in this sketch, but we think that it would be incomplete unless we laid bare to some degree his inner life.

Mr. Rowland's style of preaching changed somewhat while he was at Honesdale. His discourses always eminently appealed to the reason, but the style of his sermons grew less formal and more simple, bolder, more forcible and impressive. It was not fastidious, and sometimes perhaps in the haste of preparation the minor graces of style were sacrificed to energy of expression or the supposed aptness of an illustration, but it was that of a man of earnestness and reflection, who would instruct, convince and persuade in regard to truths of unspeakable importance.

He assumed at once at Honesdale a position correspondent with the courage and decision of his character, and his recognized ability. A man of his decided opinions, who held them so fearlessly and expressed them so freely, could not be expected to live entirely without conflict. Whatever might be the hazard to himself, he was always determined to remove everything which was an obstacle or which appeared to him to be an obstacle to the great object of his life. He usually considered this duty as urgent, and the time and place of performing it as the present. He did not therefore hesitate nor delay, but bravely met the demand as it arose, with the whole force of his nature.

With all his great kindness of heart and his conciliatory spirit, Mr. Rowland did not shrink from controversy. His discourses were almost uniformly on the great, leading truths of Chris-

tianity, and though expounding these truths, and defending and enforcing them by vigorous arguments drawn from reason and revelation brought home to the heart and the life, were rarely what would be commonly called controversial. But while teaching and strenuously advocating the vital principles of his faith, he was ever ready to defend, and he did defend, with ability and spirit, his standing and rights as a minister of the gospel against what he regarded as exclusive claims, the system of doctrines and the polity of the Presbyterian church, and his own freedom of thought and action; and he sought also to expose the subtle forms of infidel error, which he thought he saw gliding under the innocent flowers of popular instruction. The deification of humanity is indeed but a monstrous form of self-idolatry.

A gentleman, whom we are happy to call a

friend—one whose position and character give weight to his opinions—thus speaks more fully of the occasion to which we particularly allude: "When Infidelity made its appearance in Honesdale in the garb of a minister of Christ, widely renowned for his genius, his learning, his wit, and his eloquence, all who knew and loved the Truth must have rejoiced to see one so ready to meet the foe, and so able to resist him.

"We refer here to the visit which Mr. Theodore Parker made to Honesdale. He went there ostensibly as a lecturer, but his lecture was very adroitly filled even to repletion with 'Parkerism.' Whether Mr. Parker violated the proprieties of the time and place, it is not necessary for us to decide. It is enough to know that he brought out some of his peculiar views, and in a way well-fitted to captivate those who were not 'grounded and settled in

the faith of the gospel.' Dr. Rowland deemed this an occasion in which he was specially called upon to 'stand up for Jesus,' and for his gospel, and he accordingly preached, as we have been assured, with marked ability and success, a series of sermons, in which he showed the real nature and influence of the principles which Mr. Parker has so boldly avowed."

Mr. Rowland's efforts were not confined to the pulpit. He unfolded and vindicated his opinions through the public prints and by more formal publications. By these means he made a strong impress of his character and sentiments upon the community.

We could not omit this feature of his life at Honesdale without failing to give a just representation of the period of his ministry there. We intend, however, to take only a single glance in that direction, and not to enter upon the particular points in question, nor to

awaken any feelings springing out of any of these controversies which may better sleep. In the heat of discussion, useful as it often is, and necessary as it may be to the cause of truth, some things are almost always said on both sides which might better have been unsaid. Mr. Rowland wielded a vigorous pen, and entered with his whole heart into whatever he undertook.

His liberality of feeling may be inferred from his readiness to unite on equal terms with members of other denominations in plans for doing good, from clergymen of other denominations being invited to preach for him and preaching for him on his invitation, and from the circumstance that for three months in the year 1849 the pulpit of his church was occupied alternately by himself and the pastor of the Methodist church in Honesdale, while the edifice of that church was being enlarged.

His personal charities not small, and often unknown even to his own family at the time and until after his death, were not confined to those of his own denomination, but flowed freely beyond it.

We may mention also as an evidence of both the prosperity and the liberal spirit of the society of which he was pastor, that in the year 1852, besides its contributions to the Bible Society, it contributed over one thousand dollars to benevolent objects, of which three hundred and twenty-five dollars were to Home Missions, and three hundred dollars to Foreign Missions; and in the year 1854, similar, though somewhat larger sums, for Home and Foreign Missions, besides the sums contributed for other objects.

His labors and influence extended far beyond his own congregation. He preached not only in his own church, but in numerous places

in the vicinity of Honesdale, often preaching in his own church in the morning and evening of the Sabbath, and in one of these neighboring places in the afternoon. He advised, sustained and encouraged the Home Missionary, employed by the Presbytery within its bounds. When others fainted, he persevered; when others were tired, he was not exhausted. His hopeful, unflinching nature rose above discouragements. Buoyant, good-humored and active, in the fulness of health and energy, with a warm sympathetic heart, always zealous for the extension of the kingdom of Christ, he made himself felt in all the surrounding region. He was successful in building up ten or twelve churches, besides his own, within the bounds of his Presbytery; we mean, by his efforts direct and indirect, with the concurrence and assistance of others.

An incident may be mentioned connected

with these labors, which indicates their efficiency, and illustrates a trait of Mr. Rowland's character. Although frank and open in speech, decided in his opinions, and energetic in conduct, Mr. Rowland was wise and moderate in his course of action, a safe adviser and efficient aid. He was once informed by the Home Missionary, who was accustomed to preach at different places within the boundaries of the Presbytery, that he was in trouble, that his appointments were interfered with; that he had given notice of an appointment to preach on Sabbath afternoon at a particular time and place, and that afterwards the Universalists had "put an appointment on the back of it" for the same hour and place. He said that Mr. Rowland must preach for him; that he was just the man for the occasion. Mr. Rowland assented, and, after preaching at some other place in the

morning, arrived at the designated spot at the time of the afternoon service. He found the Universalist clergyman in the pulpit, and an audience of Universalists and others already assembled. Proceeding to the pulpit, Mr. Rowland said, that he believed the Presbyterians had an appointment there that afternoon. The Universalist clergyman said, No. The Universalists held a meeting there. Mr. Rowland replied, that the Presbyterians certainly had such an appointment, but the other persisting, quietly remarked: Then you can preach, and I will sit down and listen to you, and I will afterwards deliver my sermon. He accordingly took his seat and heard the Universalist clergyman's sermon; then immediately ascending into the pulpit, he announced that a sermon had been appointed by the Presbyterians there for that afternoon, which he would now deliver. He requested those who

did not wish to remain during the delivery of the sermon to retire at that time, that there might be no interruption. Two or three only went out.

He then preached a discourse from the text: "For our God is a consuming fire." He showed that the punishment of the wicked was not necessarily physical, though represented by physical images, depicted the horrors of an awakened and sleepless conscience, and showed how the conscience itself might be the instrument of unspeakable torture, and powerfully urged the scriptural argument for the eternal duration of the punishment of the obstinately wicked. When the sermon was finished, he closed the services. The Universalist clergyman, who had returned Mr. Rowland's courtesy by remaining while he preached, offered him his hand with apparent agitation, and said that that sermon must have been prepared for

the occasion. Mr. Rowland informed him that it had been written some years before. The audience retired, commenting on the two discourses. Mr. Rowland's made so deep an impression as to annihilate Universalism or its influence in the place, and the Home Missionary had no further trouble in that quarter.

Mr. Rowland's solidity of judgment, and his capacity for business and knowledge of the modes of doing it, as well as his energy, activity, decision, determination and steady perseverance made his services valuable in all enterprises of this nature. His uprightness and fairness, his pleasant and amusing conversation, must have often disarmed prejudice and opposition, while his clear and forcible arguments produced conviction.

Honesdale was the scene, not only of the active, but most of the literary labors of Mr. Rowland. In 1850 he published an octavo

volume of about three hundred pages, "On the common maxims of Infidelity." The title is not an attractive one, but the work itself is of much merit, and has been highly approved by competent judges. The late Dr. Leonard Woods of Andover said of it: "There is no work, so far as I know, which is written on a similar plan, or which does so briefly and effectually undermine and demolish the superstructure of modern infidelity. The author deserves the thanks of the public for the labor he has bestowed on so difficult a subject, and for writing a book containing in three hundred pages so much pertinent thought, and so much conclusive argument, which is all the better for being so condensed." The contents of the book had been the subject of meditation and study to Mr. Rowland for many years. It discusses the common maxims of worldly men, lays bare their infidel character, and refutes

them with much practical sense and vigor of argument.

In 1851 he published that well-known little work, a duodecimo volume of one hundred and eighty pages, bearing the title of "The Path of Life." It grew out of his own pastoral experience, and was especially intended to lead awakened souls, inquiring after truth, to the Saviour and into the path of Life. Its great simplicity, its earnest, friendly expostulations, its weighty and appropriate truths, its direct, plain and scriptural reasonings, and its practical wisdom and good sense, have given it wide circulation and great usefulness. A second and revised edition of this little volume, with some illustrative facts from his own experience as a pastor, was soon published. Mr. Rowland, with great candor and good-humor, and a remarkable freedom from sensitiveness and pride, sought and accepted the aid of friendly

criticism in respect to his books, both before and after they passed through the press. Intelligence has been constantly coming from every quarter of the country, of the usefulness of this volume, and of the blessing of God that has attended the perusal of its pages. The opening chapter, "A Call to the Wanderer," is one of the most impressive and striking appeals in the language.

In 1851 he published another small duodecimo work, with the rather quaint title of "Light in a Dark Alley." It is designed to remove special difficulties on the subject of religion, and the argument is conducted with much simplicity and force.

In 1854 he published a larger work, entitled "The Way of Peace." It contains instructions for the Christian course, and is a plain, sensible and judicious treatise on the Christian life and duties. "The Path of Life" leads the sinner

to the Saviour; "The Way of Peace" conducts the Christian to heaven.

Many letters were received by Dr. Rowland, from different parts of the country, which bore testimony to the good these works had done and were doing. While he was lying on the bed of death at Boston, his heart was gladdened by the intelligence sent to him from central New York, of the happy influence exerted by the "Path of Life" upon one of the Presbyterian churches of that region. A gentleman who resided in Wilmington, in the state of Delaware, wrote to him:

"I have just finished the perusal of the *Way* of *Peace*, and I wish I could convey in language the emotions of gratitude I feel towards you for writing such a book. I have been a member of the Presbyterian church four years, and while I can testify by a happy experience that His service is a rich reward,

yet I often mourn on account of the clouds and darkness that overshadow my way; and, indeed, I have had little of that peace of which you speak. I really feel that your book was written *for me*, and in reading it have often asked myself the question—'How could he know my heart so well?' I pray that I may be led to act upon the truth so clearly taught, and would fondly hope that those who, like myself, are halting in the way, seeking, desiring to know more, yet enjoying little, could meet with your directions, and be led by the Spirit of all grace into that perfect way."

Another gentleman wrote to him from Boston:—"Most happily, a few days since I met a little work, written by you, called Light in a Dark Alley. This little volume has, of a truth, closely met my state, and touched me very nearly; and I cannot but desire to express to you my grateful sense and appreciation

of its work. In my youth I was brought up under the doctrines of 'the Trinity.' But in after years I passed from them, to repose under the intellectual glare of Unitarianism. Here, with my *heart*, conscience, and spiritual life pushed aside, thinking that in the discharge of moral duties I was performing *all* duties, I lulled myself into a perfect security, from which at last I was startled. *Unitarianism starved me;* and although I heard its most eloquent teachers, yet daily I found my spiritual life shrivelling up within me; for though hungry for bread, *they gave me only stones.* At a more mature period of my life, I felt that my salvation depended on my escape from these deadening doctrines. With my wife I attached myself to the "New Church," or Swedenborgian society in this city (Boston). They spoke to me of the 'Divinity of Christ,'—that He was the 'Lord in Divine Humanity,'—that true

life depended on 'Loving our neighbor as ourselves,' and 'Putting away Evils as Sins.' I gathered all books bearing on their doctrines which were obtainable, and for some three years have been a serious, and I humbly trust, an improved reader. But the 'New Church' is *dead*, and therefore its teachings cannot infuse life. When the Saviour was on earth, he taught men to *do* something; if to be healed, they were to 'stretch out their hand,'—to 'go wash.' The Unitarians fed my intellect, but hungered my soul. The Swedenborgians fill me to repletion with doctrines, but give me no guidance to life; they do not give what my spirit restlessly cries for. As I before said, your little book touched we very nearly; so that it warmed my heart, and of a truth Light streamed into a Dark Alley." Both of these writers were strangers to Dr. Rowland, and evidently wrote from the fulness of their

hearts, and from a deep sense of the benefits which they had received from the perusal of these works.

Besides these works, he published a small tract on Christian baptism, and several sermons in pamphlet form,* in addition to those

* Only two of Mr. Rowland's sermons were published, we believe, while he resided in New York,—one delivered in 1840, on the anniversary of our national independence, and another, a funeral sermon on the death of Rev. David R. Downer, 1841. While he was at Honesdale, sermons by him on the following subjects were published, in pamphlet form: "The distinctive Features of Presbyterianism as exhibited in the Confession of Faith," in 1844; "The Characteristics of a Pious Woman's Heart: a sermon preached at the dedication of the lecture-room of the Presbyterian church, Honesdale, Pa.," in 1848; "The Murderer and his Fate" in the same year; "Christian Liberty, or the elements of civil and religious liberty, growing out of the doctrine of justification by faith in contrast with civil and religious despotism, originating in the high pretensions of prelacy," in 1850; "The True Principle of Christian Unity" in the same year. "The Excellency of our Christian Polity, a discourse delivered before the Synod of New York and New Jersey, in Bloomfield, New Jersey," and published by direction of the Synod, in 1851. In 1854 he also published an essay which

published in the newspapers. He wrote also frequently for the public prints. He was of opinion that the newspaper-press was too powerful an instrument of influence and of doing good to be neglected. He sought by means of it to enlarge the circle of his power, and to spread around him an atmosphere congenial with his own feelings and opinions.

None of these labors quelled his spirits or diminished the frankness and cheerfulness of his disposition. His success rather inspirited and emboldened him. Study never made him less companionable. The country around Honesdale was tempting for his favorite sport, and for relief he would occasionally wander with his hook and fly through "the valleys

originally appeared in the newspapers, on "The Church and Slavery, or the relations of the churches to slavery under the Constitution ; considered in reference to the constitutionality of the action of the General Assembly at Buffalo, A. D. 1853."

that run among the hills," along the mountain stream, or the ponds that gather the crystal bounty of heaven to reflect its image. He entered with enthusiasm into the amusement, and counted up his prizes on a good day with true fisherman's pride.

We wish that we could give a correct impression of this eventful period of his life. The following extract will show how the general aspect of things around him, struck a gentleman of the same profession and of high standing in it. "At one time, when I was at Honesdale, I visited him at his residence, and could not but admire the many marks of his activity and usefulness, both in his congregation, and among the people generally. He seemed to be acquainted with every body, rich and poor, old and young, on terms of cordial friendship with all, and ready to promote their best interests in every way." His favorite horse

Kate, when not in use by himself, stood all day at the door ready for service. During his residence at Honesdale, to the great grief of the whole family she was stolen. After trying in vain the usual methods, he took a novel one to recover her. He wrote under his own signature to the editor of one of the New Jersey newspapers a humorous letter, giving an account of his loss, and an amusing and exact description of Kate, and her qualities and habits. The letter was republished, and circulated far and wide in the public prints, and gave its author a new celebrity.

This humorous letter was the means of recovering the cherished companion of his labors. It met the eye of the purchaser, living at some distant place in New Jersey, who recognized the stolen animal in his own barn from the graphic and amusing description given of her. He wrote to Mr. Rowland, and Kate soon re-

turned, to resume her round of ministerial duty.

In July, 1854, he received a unanimous call to the Green Hill Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and he soon after declined it. In the same year Union College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. On the twenty-first of October, 1855, at the close of the session of the Synod of New York and New Jersey, which met at the city of New York, he preached at Park Church, Newark, and on the second of November in that year the society of that church voted unanimously to give him a call. This call he thought it his duty to accept. His congregation in Honesdale by a unanimous vote requested him to reconsider his determination. But further reflection not changing his purpose, he closed his ministry at Honesdale on the sixteenth of December, 1855. With strong

expressions on the part of his church of unfeigned gratitude to God for the experience of the last twelve years and of undiminished confidence in him, and with many tokens of affection and regard to himself and family, he says, "in the fear and blessing of God we left" Honesdale.

We now approach the scene of his last labors. The thought saddens us, and we must be brief. He was strongly attached to the place and the people of Honesdale, and remained so during his life. He revisited that place with great pleasure. Thus in the summer of 1857 he notes that with some members of his family he had spent three Sabbaths there, "days long to be remembered." His attachment was warmly returned by his people, and when the call to Newark was taken by him into serious and favorable consideration, his heart was "oppressed" with the thought of

leaving those whom he loved. And when, as the danger of his doing so became known, solicitations and expressions of affection poured in upon him from his congregation, it was almost too much for a man of his warm heart to resist. But the deep sense of duty sustained him in the struggle, and finally triumphed. "I see," he said, "what I think is a field appropriate for me, and where I may be useful."

Dr. Rowland began his regular labors at Park Church, Newark, on the twenty-third day of December, 1855, and was installed as the minister of that church on the twenty-third day of January, 1856. His ministry of more than three years and a half at that place was not marked by striking events, but we believe that all who know the facts and are competent to judge of them, think that he did a great work there. At the time of his settlement the church was small, and before his call its elements,

happily united in himself and harmonized by his judicious course of action, had been disunited, and to some extent in conflict. The society itself was laboring under difficulties which, unless speedily remedied, threatened as some thought to issue in serious embarrassments. But Dr. Rowland saw here an important point to be maintained, and a church to be built up. The aspect of things would have appeared discouraging to one of less resolute spirit than himself, or less assured by experience of his own powers and resources, or less confiding in the efficacy of the divine word, accompanied by the influences of the divine Spirit. He sought not repose, he pleaded not weariness from past labors, he despised inaction. He held himself "at the service of the church," and like a good and tried soldier considered the place where the heaviest blows were needed as appropriate for him.

At Honesdale he was pleasantly situated, and he had a wide and commanding influence. But in the successive revivals there a large part of the youth and other members of his congregation had been brought into the church; and in a new and untried field he hoped that he might do more good in his Master's service than he could in one which he had already reaped.

We are indebted to a member of his church at Newark for the following account of his ministerial labors while he was pastor of that church:

"When Dr. Rowland came to Park Church, Newark, the congregation was small, and the general condition of the church such as to create distrust and doubt rather than the certainty of success. There was much to discourage any one who was not fully prepared to meet difficulties. At the same time the

point was an important one, and the location and the increasing demand for accommodation in the Presbyterian churches in Newark presented inducements to one who was willing to make the sacrifice necessary to place the church in a firm and substantial position.

"Dr. Rowland had received a unanimous call. The point of duty had been fully settled by him, the importance of the work to be accomplished being the main reason of his accepting the call. He possessed all the fire and energy of youth, with the experience of age, and a trustful reliance upon the great Head of the church for that blessing, without which human instrumentalities must fail. The work to be performed was similar to that attending a new enterprise; its elements required harmonizing and strengthening. He turned his earnest efforts to this work; infused his own spirit into those with whom he came

in contact, and new vigor was imparted to every department of the church. The congregation increased, and many members were added to the church both by profession and by certificate from other churches.

"He felt the need of a suitable place for the ordinary weekly meetings, and as no lecture-room had been provided, a room was procured for this purpose, and plans devised to secure the necessary funds for building a lecture-room. The people responded to the call for that object. The funds were raised and a neat building erected adjoining the church. The church was at the same time beautifully frescoed.

"These evidences of progress and enterprise were pleasing to Dr. Rowland; but while he valued these evidences of prosperity and increased facilities for usefulness, they seemed only to increase his efforts and anxieties for

that higher and truer development in his people of spiritual growth. He visited his people, calling upon them at their homes and at their places of business, and embracing every opportunity to impress upon men the one great and important duty of attending to their spiritual interests. With him religion was the one great duty of daily life, and as properly introduced into the workshop or counting-room as into the parlor or the pulpit. He clothed religion in no austere or formal garb, but made it rather the one great source of joy and cheerful hope.

"As an admirer of the mechanic arts he visited the factories, taking the opportunity to turn the attention of men to their spiritual welfare. Few men possess the power which he exhibited of gaining the confidence of others. Many who formed their acquaintance with him in the workshops were drawn to hear

him preach. Some, who had not attended divine service for years, were induced to attend it regularly with their families. He not only became acquainted with the people himself, but he used every means to bring them together socially that they might become acquainted with each other, removing the distance which so often exists among the members of our churches, and establishing those strong bonds of union and friendship which give power and vigor to a people.

"While he attended with care to these duties, he did not neglect his preparation for the pulpit. He aimed not at the gilding or trappings of oratory. It was not the ear, but the understanding and heart of his hearers that he wished to reach, and the seed sown by his hand was blessed to the conversion of men. A large number of members was added to the church, by profession of faith and by certificate,

during his ministry of little more than three years.

"He attached great importance to the Sabbath-school, believing it to be the main source of strength to the church—that here the foundation was laid—that here the church was to look for its growth, and that this institution should receive the earnest support of the pastor. No teacher was more regular in attendance upon the Sabbath-school than he, except when he was supplying some pulpit beside his own, or was called away by pastoral duties. For teachers and for scholars he had some kind word of encouragement, and the attachments here formed for him by the children of his charge, caused tears and sorrow for his loss. The school increased rapidly, and in two years it had more than quadrupled in numbers. In the midst of his labors, when the hearts of his people were fixed upon him, when evidences

of his usefulness were seen on every hand, he has been stricken down by disease, and death has severed the bond of union between him and his people. Long will his name and memory be cherished."

Few particulars need to be added. His labors were unwearied, and, what at the time was wholly unsuspected, beyond his strength. He was present with an active and inspiring interest in every movement connected with the prosperity of his church and society. He preached almost uniformly twice on the Sabbath, rarely exchanged, and had little aid in the pulpit. He liked to preach. If it was a toil, it was yet a pleasure to him to unfold the truths of the Bible, and recommend them to the reason, the conscience, and the hearts of intelligent hearers. Here, as well as at Honesdale, without descending from the high ground of a spiritual religion, he readily seized upon

local or passing topics and turned them to a religious use. He not only preached in the morning and evening of the Sabbath, attended the Sabbath-school regularly on the Sabbath afternoon, and the weekly lecture and prayer-meetings, but even the rehearsals of the choir, and took a constant and effective interest, in which zeal was happily mingled with candor and good-humor, in the temporal as well as spiritual affairs of the society.

A great and permanent change ensued, and a steady growth of both the church and congregation. In the first year of his ministry, or 1856, thirty-five members were added to the church, and before the close of the third year, a large number of new members had joined it, composed of nearly equal numbers received on letter or certificate from other churches, and on the profession of their faith. In the second year of his ministry the congregation, the

growth of which was in a still greater proportion than that of the church, had become sufficiently strong and united to build a conference house or lecture-room, and to repair and fresco their fine large church, as already stated, at an expense of several thousand dollars. It was pleasant and almost amusing to see the daily, earnest interest with which he watched the progress of the improvement of the church, and urged it towards completion.

At the close of that year he notes in his sermon-book, that he stops a course of sermons, which he had been preaching, "to introduce more practical and experimental preaching in consequence of a general seriousness," and then, after mentioning these marks of outward prosperity, that "the church has been painted, a lecture-room built, and the congregation greatly increased during the last year," he glances up-

ward and drops the ejaculation, "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove."

We cannot doubt that this petition arose from the depths of a softened and longing heart, more solemn from recent afflictions, and that a record of it was made in heaven as well as on earth.

In the following year there was a great and general attention to the subject of religion in his congregation, as there was in a very large number of the churches throughout the country. This was to Dr. Rowland an arduous, and to him and many of those under his charge, a memorable year. On the fourteenth of March, 1858, twenty-nine were admitted to the church, twenty-two of them on the profession of their faith; on the second of May, thirteen were admitted, twelve of them on the profession of their faith, and during that year in all fifty-five, eleven of them on certificate from other church-

es, and forty-four on the profession of their faith. These details may not be necessary, but they verify and enforce the general statements which have been made. If to win souls be the prime object of the Christian ministry, it can hardly be inappropriate in a *memorial* of a minister of the gospel that the issue of his labors in that respect should be recorded.

Near the close of the previous year an event occurred which made a deep impression on the mind of Dr. Rowland. This was the death of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Abraham Polhemus, D. D., pastor of the North Dutch Church in Newark, "who," to use Dr. Rowland's terse language, "died 28th October, 1857, at Dr. Forsyth's, Newburgh, in triumph." Taken away as he was in the fulness of vigorous manhood, when long years of earthly happiness and usefulness appeared to be in store for him, when he had but lately entered upon his

duties as pastor of a neighboring church, and had come to reside at Newark, his death spoke powerfully to Dr. Rowland's heart. He seemed to have a new sense of the vanity of life and of the trivial nature of its ordinary pursuits, and to him who pens these lines then predicted that his own wife would be a widow, as if he already felt the solemn shadow of that coming and near event.

But his energy and capacity for labor, and cheerful alacrity in the performance of duty still continued. And he was cheered and gladdened by seeing the abundant fruits of his labors, and by the proofs of attachment received from the members of his congregation by himself and his family. A pleasing evidence of this attachment was given in the year previous to his death. Sunday, the 15th of August in that year, was the anniversary of his marriage. On the following evening his

congregation met in a surprise-party at his house, and celebrated with himself and his wife their silver wedding. An address was made to Dr. Rowland, to which he replied, a purse of five hundred and fifty dollars was presented to him, and an appropriate original poem, written for the occasion, was read. An entertainment was also provided, and a scene of enjoyment displayed, not soon to be forgotten. The assurance given by this manifestation of affectionate regard, was particularly grateful to Dr. Rowland's heart and memory. The occasion was indeed one in itself to inspire unusual pleasure and gratitude. Since he had been married, years had rolled away, children had gathered around his table and hearth to add to his happiness, and of the silver-chain which was now clasped, not a link had ever been broken. The dear family circle, of which himself and his wife were the beloved centre,

had never been invaded by death, hardly by sickness, and he had had large experience, as those familiar with his well regulated home well know, of the sacred joys of domestic life.

We think that we should not give a just idea of the services of Dr. Rowland, if we represented them as confined to his own particular congregation or to the community in which he lived, or even in addition to the valuable contributions made by him to our religious literature. His church was an integral part of a wide-spread and powerful denomination, in whose councils and affairs and among whose ministers and members we believe he had no insignificant weight and influence. He was often a member of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, and in May, 1858, at the meeting of that body at Chicago, he was the chairman of its judiciary committee,—a fact which shows his high standing among

his brethren, and the confidence which was placed in his ability and judgment. He had indeed made the constitution, discipline, system of doctrine and general organization of the Presbyterian church a subject of particular attention and study, and he thought that he understood them. If we may venture such an opinion, his success in his pastoral relations was promoted in no slight degree by his accurate knowledge of the proper working of this system, and its limitations of power and of duty. In the Presbytery to which he belonged, he was distinguished, if we are not misinformed, by the ardor of his zeal for the extension of the privileges of the gospel and the kingdom of Christ among men. That seemed to be the burden of his heart. He was not only zealous, he was also practical and efficient in both devising and executing; and in

carrying out the plans adopted, he took a devoted and active part.

During his short residence in the city of Newark, he gained greatly upon the feelings and affections of the community. As his character became known and understood, it was appreciated. His manliness and energy, his plainness and directness, might be expected to suit a people so prominent for the successful prosecution of the ingenious arts of mechanical industry. He soon became widely known. His social, genial spirit, his kindness of heart even to the humblest and youngest—he had a pleasant word for everybody,—his unhesitating frankness and contagious good-humor, his interest in all the affairs of life, all the forms of industry and movements of society, his forgetfulness of adventitious advantages and readiness to meet all cordially on the common ground of thought and feeling, his evident

simplicity and sincerity, won for him many friends, and with his uprightness, activity, constancy, and earnestness of purpose, his solid intellectual qualities and Christian worth made a deep, wide and increasing impression. We shall not attempt to notice all the directions in which the rays of his influence were benignly felt. Those upon whom they immediately fell, and who rejoiced in their light, can best speak, not only of their warmth and brightness, but of the many ways in which they reached the heart.

He preached sermons on special occasions, and series of sermons on special topics to large audiences. He wrote much for the Newark newspapers. "He was fond of writing, and few men handled the pen with more ease, whether in the composition of a sermon or in the lighter articles in which he described some humorous story, or depicted—never in an un-

kindly spirit—some of the social foibles of the day. His contributions to the Newark papers of various kinds and on various topics, if collected, would make a considerable volume." Some of these contributions were on the moral questions of the day, on which he held decided though not extreme opinions, expressed without hesitation or reserve. The pressure of his engagements left him little leisure for the composition or publication of new books. But amid his numerous occupations, he made considerable progress in the preparation of a new edition of one of his works, with special reference to the recent forms assumed by infidelity in this country. If we are not mistaken he also projected a new work, shadowed forth and to a considerable extent embodied in a series of sermons delivered by him, on a subject deeply interesting to the Christian heart. Death, however, that solemn event which so

frequently defeats the purposes and hopes of man, however wisely formed or apparently sure of fulfilment, prevented the realization of his.

His constant and anxious labors, especially to build up his church and to fill and enlarge his sphere of usefulness, began to make a visible impression on his excellent health and constitution, whose powers of resistance may well be supposed to have been already weakened by a laborious and earnest life. In looking back, his most intimate friends, at least the one who had the best opportunity to know, think that about two years before his death his health showed signs of faltering, though they were not fully appreciated or much regarded at the time. But in January, 1859, he had a sudden attack of illness which for a week or two prostrated him on his bed; and although he was soon around and continued to preach

until the following May, he was never well again. Months later and in the summer, Dr. Rowland traced the sickness, which was afterwards fatal to him, to this period or the one immediately previous, but its hidden internal causes were undoubtedly of a more remote and then unsuspected date, and, after unseen progress, were only receiving in this sickness their full development. As the winter closed and the spring drew on in its promise and beauty, which so strongly contrast with sickness and decay, his friends became alarmed lest his vigorous constitution, which had so long enabled a willing heart to do manful service for his master, should give way. They hoped, and there seemed to be reason, that his complaints were merely dyspeptic, but the severe pain in the region of his heart, his difficulty at times of breathing, and his want of sleep, pointed to something more serious. His friends urged

upon him that he must take some relaxation. In the early part of May he accordingly went to Newburgh, and spent about ten days or a fortnight there, making then, or in a subsequent visit to the same place in June, "little trips to West Point, Greenwood Lake, and other places in the vicinity." He returned to Newark so much better as he thought, that he ventured to preach, and on the 29th day of May, delivered his last sermon in his own pulpit. He preached in the morning of that day from John xii. 46, and in the afternoon from Mathew vii. 26, 27. But he found that he had mistaken the degree of the improvement in his health, and estimated much too highly his strength. His congregation "with considerate kindness" gave him a respite of four months from his labors. He spent some time with his old and valued friends at Honesdale, and with one of them went to Saratoga, in the

hope, which proved delusive, of some benefit from its mineral waters. There he was very ill, and he was hardly able to reach his home. Under an erroneous impression of the nature of his disease, he had sought physical exercise and excitement, when he needed rest. His body had wasted away, and his nervous system had become very much affected by the fearful inroads of his disease. He sought his bed at once. But he rallied soon again, and in pursuance of an arrangement previously made with some of his Honesdale friends, which he could not be persuaded from fulfilling, he started about the first of August, with his wife and one of his daughters, on a trip to Gloucester, Massachusetts, for the benefit of sea-air and sea-bathing, and the enjoyment of his favorite sport of fishing. On board of the steamer on his way to Fall River, he became seriously ill, and reached Boston only "to lie

down on what proved his bed of death." An abler pen than ours, of one who was summoned to his side, shall describe the closing scene of his last sickness.

"Dr. Rowland reached Boston with difficulty, and was obliged immediately to betake himself to his bed, and to send for Dr. Jeffries. In his skill as a physician he felt and testified the utmost confidence, while his kind Christian sympathy and conversation were refreshing to his soul. Though his prostration was extreme, and his nervous derangement so great as to prevent his sleeping during the night or day, Dr. Jeffries did not for some time consider that there was serious danger of a fatal termination. 'I am more afraid of his mind than of his life,' said he on one occasion, to a relative who had gone to Boston to visit Dr. Rowland. The medicines that he seemed especially to need, were rest and sleep. Hence

for several weeks none were admitted to his room except those who were in attendance upon him, as the unexpected presence even of an old friend agitated him exceedingly. As the extreme nervous excitability was, on one or two occasions in the course of his illness, somewhat allayed, hopes were entertained of his ultimate recovery. But his constantly wasting strength plainly enough showed that his days were drawing to a close.

"His friend and classmate at Yale and Andover, the Rev. Dr. Blagden, of the Old South, visited him daily and prayed at his bedside, but the nature of his disease, as well as the injunctions of his physician, did not allow of lengthened conversation with him. From an early period, Dr. Rowland himself seems to have been strongly impressed with the conviction that this sickness would be unto death, but the prospect did not dismay him; he

trusted in the Lord, and according to the promise he was 'kept in perfect peace.' There were, indeed, moments when the thought that his recovery was possible occurred to him, and he then said that he should like to get well that he might labor for Christ, as he felt that he might be more useful than he had ever been—that he had been brought to make a more complete surrender of himself to the Lord than ever before; still if the Saviour had nothing more for him to do, he was ready to go. His wife and his sister were constantly with him by night and by day, and the latter writes, 'Through his entire sickness I never heard him express a doubt of his own acceptance, but all his expressions were those of faith, trust, and entire submission to the will of God.' He very frequently spoke of his trust in Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, and said, 'I wish to speak for Christ, but I have

not strength to do so.' Besides his feebleness, the soreness of his mouth and throat rendered speaking difficult and painful.

"A letter which had just arrived from Western New York, containing an account of the great good resulting from the circulation of the Path of Life in the place where the writer was visiting, afforded him great satisfaction. He remained silent for a long time after the letter had been read to him; but at length said that he had had 'wonderful views of the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.' The subject was evidently one especially attractive to him, and which very much occupied his thoughts. He at one time asked his sister if there were any tidings of revivals, and when she mentioned to him the great work of God in Ireland and other parts of the British isles, he exclaimed, 'Glorious! glorious!' This was the burden of his prayers—'Send forth thy light and truth.'

"As the conviction became more and more settled in his own mind that his ministry on earth was near its termination, his thoughts naturally turned to his congregation at Newark, and his tender interest in their welfare came out in various ways. On one occasion his sister, who was watching at his bed, noticed that his countenance indicated that he was in great distress, and she proposed to change his position, hoping thus to relieve him; but he raised his head and made a deprecatory gesture, saying, 'Hush, hush.' As the distress appeared to continue, and the big drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, she again spoke to him, but the same significant gesture and words were repeated. After a while he looked up calmly and said, 'I was bidding my people farewell.' During the last week of his life a number of his parishioners came on to see him. They could remain near

his bed only for a few moments, and he was able to address only a few words to them; but these words told how warmly he loved them and yearned for their salvation. To one of them, a valued friend who stayed in Boston until his decease, he said, 'The only thing worth living for—' his speech here failed him, but he made his meaning plain enough by raising his hand, pointing towards heaven.

"One night he desired that his sister, who had retired to get some rest, might be called. Mrs. Rowland having awakened her, he said to them, 'I am going to dedicate myself renewedly to God, and I wish you to join with me in making a perfect and entire surrender of ourselves to God for time and eternity.' He then offered a very affecting prayer, in which this purpose of his heart found most appropriate utterance. After he concluded he turned to his wife and sister, and said to them,

'Remember now that you are henceforth the Lord's wholly.'

"During the Friday before his death, he was for a good while apparently engaged in meditation, in the course of which his face was so irradiated with the light of joy, that the changed expression, usually one of pain, was so striking as to attract the attention of those around his bed. His wife said to him, 'You see the heavenly city?' 'Yes,' he replied. Mrs. F., another relative, added, 'And you will soon be there.' He made a gesture of assent. 'And you will meet,' she rejoined, 'many dear friends who have gone before you there." 'More, more,' he exclaimed. 'You will see the Saviour,' she added. 'Yes,' he said; 'the Lamb, the Lamb.' Dr. Blagden came in soon after, and asked him if he could put all his trust in Christ. 'Yes, yes,' was his instant response.

"During the greater part of the last week of his life, his physician thought from day to day that each one would be his last. But during this whole period, though his sufferings at times were very great, he was perfectly conscious, recognizing and in brief sentences conversing with the friends around him. The last night he spent on earth was one of protracted and often exquisite pain; but it ceased an hour or two before his departure, and at length he fell asleep so gently that it was impossible to fix the moment when his soul was released for ever from the sins and sorrows of earth, and entered the pavilion of peace in the bosom of his God and Saviour."

Thus died this servant of God—away from his earthly home, but near enough to that in heaven, nor yet among strangers, for some of those dear to him were at his side, relieving his sufferings by their kindness and sympathy'

and sharing his faith—in a city, where he could avail himself of the advice and skill of eminent physicians, an advantage to which he was not insensible—in the State of his maternal ancestors, and near the spot where some of them, exiles for religion, driven to a strange land, had landed about two centuries and a quarter before.

Dr. Rowland died at Boston, on Sunday, the fourth day of September, 1859, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. No doubt remained after his death as to the character of the disease under which he had been laboring. It was *found* to be of a complicated nature, the principal feature of which was an enlargement of the heart. Other important organs were implicated or disastrously affected, so that had he survived this attack, and escaped danger from that quarter, his life would probably not have been for a great while prolonged.

The mournful train of his friends left Boston, on the next Monday morning, with all that was mortal of Dr. Rowland, and arrived at Newark on the following evening.

The daily newspapers of that city had from day to day made known his condition, as for some time past "'twixt night and morn" his life had hovered "on the horizon's verge," and a deep and general interest in him, and the event of his sickness had been felt. The intelligence of his death, though not unexpected, made a deep impression upon the whole community, and called forth expressions of sorrow and sympathy from all classes of the citizens. The strong hold which Dr. Rowland had gained on their affections, within the short period of his ministry among them, was now seen and recognized. The members of his congregation were prompt, assiduous, and generous in manifesting their attachment to him, and in rendering their

services to his family, and in the last sad rites. The sorrowful company of friends on their arrival from Boston at New York, were received by members of the congregation, and conducted to Newark, and by others still at Dr. Rowland's house. How changed the scene from that which had gathered them there a year ago!

The shadow of death so long delayed had at last fallen upon this pleasant home, and the honored head of the then unbroken family had been laid low. Into the sacred sorrows of that hour we will not intrude; but if the angel of death was there, we believe that the angels of consolation and faith were also there.

The last mournful ceremonies were celebrated on the Thursday following. After a prayer had been offered at the house by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, the remains of the deceased were accompanied by his relatives and immediate

friends to Park Church, where the funeral services were conducted by clergymen of the city. The large church, draped in black, was crowded to excess. The funeral sermon, an impressive discourse, was preached by the Rev. Dr. E. R. Fairchild, from Matt. xxv. 21: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." After explaining the parable, from which the text was taken, he referred to the character of the deceased, and spoke strongly of his fidelity, piety, virtues, and talents, of his qualities as a man and a Christian, of his abilities as a preacher and excellence as a pastor, and gave a brief notice of the principal events of his life. At the close of the solemn services the procession proceeded to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, where a touching address was made by the Rev. Dr. Stearns; and

there, on the bank of the Passaic, by the side of the Rev. Dr. Polhemus, were laid the remains of our departed friend, to rest until he shall "rise again in the resurrection at the last day," when "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

The death of Dr. Rowland was profoundly felt,—the more profoundly in the city of his residence, that already, within the two years immediately previous, two pastors of distinction connected with churches in that city, the Rev. Dr. Scott and the Rev. Dr. Polhemus, had been removed from their posts by similar acts of Divine Providence. The society of which Dr. Rowland was pastor, beyond its participation in the general grief, had its own peculiar cause of sorrow. It had lost a beloved teacher and guide just as it had learned to appreciate his worth, and as it had entered on a new career

of strength and prosperity. It was a source of great satisfaction to Dr. Rowland in his sickness, that, as he believed, the church for which he had labored so earnestly was now firmly established. Resolutions were adopted to express the profound sense of their loss by his death, their warm attachment to him, and high appreciation of his character and labors; his salary was generously continued to the end of the year for the benefit of his family, and many other substantial and generous proofs were given of their regard for him and his family.

On the Sabbath succeeding the burial of Dr. Rowland, the Rev. Dr. John Forsyth, of Newburgh, preached a sermon in the vacant pulpit of Park Church, with reference to the event which had deprived it of its pastor, on the appropriate theme of abounding in the work of the Lord, from the text 1 Cor. xv. 58: "*Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable,*

always abounding in the work of the Lord." He showed that it was the duty of all Christians (explaining in what manner) to abound in the work of the Lord, and to be immovably steadfast in the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, inculcated in the glowing passage of which his text was part, and he said that the text intimated that there was a close connection between such steadfastness and abounding in the Lord's work; and then, after having spoken of the fundamental verities of *Christ dead and Christ risen*, he made a solemn and affecting address to his audience on the event of Dr. Rowland's death.

On the following Sabbath, the Rev. Dr. McKee, of the Reformed Dutch Church, who had supplied Dr. Rowland's pulpit in his absence, preached a sermon at Park Church, with reference to the same event, and this sermon closed what may be considered as the series of funereal services.

Thus died and was buried, the *Rev. Henry Augustus Rowland*, honored and beloved. We have entirely failed in the imperfect outline which we have sketched, if it be necessary to speak particularly here of his character. His life speaks. We have tried to give a simple picture of it.

He was a sincere Christian, unwavering in his faith. From the time when he entered the Christian ministry, his life was full of proofs of devotion to his divine Master. His piety was not formal or ostentatious, but it lay at the foundation of his whole course of action. It was more a principle than a sentiment, though it partook of both. It was the animating motive, the impelling spring of all his exertions. As a preacher, he was able, forcible, and instructive, clearly explaining and boldly defending the doctrines of the gospel, and enforcing them with solid argument and earnest

exhortation. His sermons were diligently prepared, and usually sedulously corrected, though less with reference to the niceties of verbal criticism than to force of argument and effectiveness of expression. As a pastor, he was active and faithful, sympathizing with all classes of his people, familiar with them all, visiting them freely in their homes and places of business, meeting them without formality and restraint, and winning their confidence and their hearts, mindful of the poor and contributing generously to their relief, assiduously caring for the instruction of the young, and wisely and patiently leading the inquiring into the path of life. He was one of those practical, earnest, energetic men, who build up the institutions of our Christian civilization, and to whom society owes a debt of gratitude which, after they are gone, she is not always prompt to repay. As an author, he has made valuable contributions to our sacred

literature, which will prolong his usefulness and perpetuate the fragrance of his name.

He was a noble-hearted man, of great moral courage, of genial temper, social inclinations and habits, frank, open, transparent as the day, with cheerful manners and an illuminating smile. He was true and constant in his friendships, upright, forgiving, and sincere, with a large, generous heart. In his family he was the loving and beloved husband and father, the centre of its affections and hopes.

He did not pretend to be without faults. It was a part of his religion that we do daily err in thought, word and deed, and he neither acknowledged perfection in others, nor laid claim to it himself. He knew his own integrity and the honesty with which he uttered his convictions. His faults, such as they were, lay on the surface, and grew out of the simplicity, frankness, earnestness, and energy of his char-

acter. They did not affect its solid basis or substantial worth.

Those, for whom it is appropriate, have rehearsed the lessons of his life and his death. We would silently meditate upon them.

We have been permitted to copy from Dr. Forsyth's sermon, to which we have already referred,* his closing address, in these words:

The subject to which your attention has been directed, seems to me to be a not inappropriate theme of meditation, in the circumstances in which we meet in this sanctuary, and in which, unexpectedly, I have been asked to occupy this vacant pulpit. To myself, personally, as well as you, these circumstances are very solemn and affecting. Only two

* See page 134.

years ago, among the pastors of this city, there were two, both of whom were my brothers in a double sense; both of whom were in the meridian of their days; and concerning both of whom it might then have been said that, among all their colleagues, none had fairer prospects of being spared for active and effective labor for Christ, during many years. To-day they are both numbered with the dead who have died in the Lord, and in yonder beautiful cemetery on the banks of the Passaic, they repose side by side. They have gone to swell the myriads who sleep in Jesus. They have finished their course, and having kept the faith they have joined the great multitude of disembodied saints who are present with the Lord. Nor are they the only ones who have been called within the short period, from your goodly brotherhood of pastors, to rest from their labors. Another is there whose memory is

precious to many in this city. Within the brief space of two years, three sister churches standing almost side by side have been compelled to array themselves in the dark drapery of mourning. Polhemus, Scott, Rowland,—shall be seen no more forever in the pulpits, nor in the streets where they were so well known.

Surely these repeated strokes, coming as they do from the hand of God, are not without a meaning! Yes. "The Lord's voice crieth unto the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name; hear ye the rod and him who hath appointed it." These successive bereavements are indeed the impressive utterance of him who walketh in the the midst of the golden candlesticks, addressed to ministers and to people,—saying to one and all, "Be watchful and strengthen the things that remain; have patience, and for my name's sake labor and

faint not; be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for the night cometh in which no man can work."

I do not appear before you this morning, my dear friends, for the purpose of painting the character, or of describing the career of the pastor whom God hath taken from you. That service has been already well performed by one who had known him long—a beloved friend and brother in the ministry every way competent to the task. But indeed, those among whom Dr. Rowland has gone out and in, discharging the various functions of his office, hardly require any other portraiture of him than that which is written on their own memories. For if ever there was a man who walked among his fellows with a window in his breast, it was he. Long and intimate association with some men is necessary in order to understand them thoroughly, and rightly to

appreciate them. Not so with your departed Pastor. His distinctive traits were so legible that all who were brought into contact with him could read them. But, as I have said, I do not come here to portray or to eulogize the dead. Let me rather enforce the exhortation of the text by arguments suggested by his life and death. And if he could have been conveyed from the chamber where he breathed his last, into this pulpit, to utter in your hearing the farewell to his people which he tried to excogitate, even amid the pain and languor of disease, oh! with what intense earnestness and emphasis would he have cried out to you, "Be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

If, dear friends, you could have been with your dying pastor during the last week of his life; if you could have been admitted to see him as he lay upon the bed from which he was

never to rise; if you could have seen him wan and wasted by disease, sleepless, tossing his head upon his pillow, while often his whole frame was racked by sharpest pain, and if you had been forced as you would have been if there, just to sit and look upon his sufferings, conscious that neither friend nor physician could alleviate them, you might have been tempted to say, How pitiable his case, how intensely wretched his condition. And yet, if by the turning of a straw he could have been raised from that bed of languishing to instant and perfect health—unless for your sake, and for those dear to him by the ties of nature—I am persuaded that he would not have turned it. He knew whom he had believed, and was confident that for him "to die is gain."

Do you ask me what sustained him? It was the sight of the Lamb of God, once slain for sinners; it was the felt presence of Christ,

who died and rose again. This was the truth which he found more precious than gold or silver,—the truth which filled him with a divine peace even then when heart and flesh were failing, and when he himself was conscious that the earthly house of his tabernacle was dissolving. Yes, it was the simple truth "how that Christ died and rose again."

And during all those wearisome weeks which were appointed him, and especially as he saw their end approaching, what, think you, were the recollections he most fondly cherished, the memories which, like gentle breezes laden with balmy fragrance, refreshed his wearied heart? It was the remembrance of the service he had been enabled to render to the cause of his divine Master — of the good accomplished through his instrumentality—of the time spent, the efforts made, to advance the Lord's work. These were the recollections that came over him

with an influence like that of the descending dew upon the mountains of Zion. His only regret was that he had not "abounded" more in the blessed work. As he said to a friend who had come from a distance to see him,—"The only thing worth living for"—he could not complete the sentence in words, but he made his meaning plain enough, as he feebly lifted his hand and turned his dying eyes towards heaven. From that bed of death, from his new-made grave, he speaks to you, saying, "My beloved brethren, be ye steadfast —*always abounding in the work of the Lord.*"

Oh! my dear friends, let me entreat you to "remember him who hath spoken to you the words of God," not merely by cherishing the memory of him as a pastor, and a friend, but by "considering the end of his conversation," Jesus Christ, and by following his faith. He has spoken to you from the pulpit; he has spo-

ken to you in your own homes; he has pressed upon you the claims of the Redeemer, the perils of your souls, the momentous realities of eternity. Some of you have been, it may be, not unmoved by these faithful dealings of a pastor whose face you shall never see again, whose voice you shall no more hear; and yet you have not taken the decisive step—you have not yet brought yourselves to form the grand resolve. You are still lingering, still hesitating between the world and Christ, you are sensible that your condition is neither right nor safe; you are, in a word, strangers to peace and joy, because strangers to Jesus who died and rose again. Listen, I beseech you, to the voice of this bereavement, to the solemn voice that comes to you from this now vacant pulpit. And may your Pastor's death be the means of bringing you to the instant and blessed decision to yield yourselves to that Saviour whom it was his greatest joy to preach.

SERMON

BY THE

REV. E. R. FAIRCHILD, D. D.

Preached at the Funeral of Rev. Henry A. Rowland, D. D. Thursday Morning, September 8th, 1859, and repeated by request, Sunday Evening, the 23d of October following, to his former charge in Honesdale, Pa.

SERMON.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

—Matt. xxv. 21.

These words constitute a part of our Saviour's memorable "parable of the talents." The main design of that parable was, to unfold, in a true and impressive form, the relations of men to God—their accountability to him for things entrusted to them, for use or enjoyment—and the future condition which awaited them for their respective courses, in practical life.

It was doubtless the intention of the Saviour, that these truths, thus set forth, should also furnish to all who should hear his gospel

worthy and weighty motives to diligence and fidelity, in the discharge of the duties which were divinely imposed upon them. That intention the parable most happily carries out. The imagery employed, though simple, and drawn from familiar scenes, appeals strongly to principles of human nature which, to a very large extent, control the lives of men. A most striking part of that imagery is comprised in the words of the text, which no one can deliberately contemplate without admiring its moral beauty and feeling its power.

In the former part of the parable the Master is represented as having distributed his goods among his servants, and also as having gone into a far country, and tarried there a long time. He is here represented as having returned and engaged in taking an account of his servants' stewardship. He has just finished his reckoning with one to whom he had

entrusted the largest amount of his goods. That servant was found to have been most conscientiously and scrupulously faithful to the interests committed to his care; and as evidence of his fidelity, industry, and attention to his various duties, he presented the goods he had originally received, and the *increase* which his efforts had secured:

"And so he that had received five talents, came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold I have gained besides them five talents more."

The gratification of the Master at the discovery of this faithfulness and its results is intense, if not unbounded, and in the text his feelings and gracious purposes are earnestly and emphatically expressed. He therein proclaims his unqualified approbation of both the character and work of the servant; and offi-

cially announces to him the honorable treatment he shall consequently receive—the high and glorious rewards to which he shall succeed and enjoy forever.

"Well done! thou good and faithful servant!.... I will make thee RULER OVER MANY THINGS: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It is to be observed that the recipient is a servant, and has lived in association with servants and the things connected with a humble condition of life; but now there is to be a happy and a great change—a transition from servitude, obscurity, poverty, to that of freedom, rank, wealth, influence, princely honors, the rich and varied enjoyments of a glorious and imperishable kingdom. That life which has hitherto been led, remote from the celestial dwelling-place of the Master, is no longer to be drawn out in a far-distant and

trying abode of care and toil, of sin and sorrow; but exchanged for a life to be led in the heavenly world, in the immediate presence of the Saviour—and whose excellence and happiness by way of distinction and of eminence is called "the joy of his Lord."

If the parable refers exclusively, as some suppose, to ministers of the gospel, who in the Scriptures are called servants of Christ, (though I see no necessity for restricting it to them,) then the scenes of the text, which represent the great events connected with the death of an eminent one of them, are peculiarly appropriate for contemplation on this sad and mournful occasion. But I cannot thus limit it. It has a wider range, and while it refers, it may be, in some special sense, to those who have been invested with the office of the ministry, it also has reference to ALL the servants of the Saviour, everywhere and in

every station in society. It brings out to view the great and joyous truth that EVERY ONE who loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity—who takes the will of God as the rule of his life—and the divine glory as the end of all his efforts, and in this manner fills up, well and properly, the sphere divinely allotted to him, will at death be admitted into the heavenly world, and be made ineffably happy through eternity. This in few words is the character of a "good and faithful servant" of the Lord, and the blessed reward to which he succeeds when he has finished his earthly course.

A formal and full development of *the characteristics* of a "good and faithful servant"—and of the *nature* and *grounds* of the rewards bestowed upon him at death seems called for by the text, and would comprise a rich and profitable variety of thought; but the circumstances of the occasion admonish me of the fitness

of brevity, and I shall therefore notice these things but *incidentally*, and as illustrated in the person and life of that excellent man, and brother in Christ, whose comparatively sudden and unexpected decease has now convened us.

And what gloom, what sorrow, what tender associations, what solemn and painful interest, gather around and attach to the event that has assembled us in the sanctuary to-day!

In the death of any person there is something that awakens a feeling which nothing else inspires,—a feeling which words are wholly inadequate to describe.

That mysterious change which we see come over the form which was previously blooming in health, joyous in its activity, exquisitely sensitive, and diffusing pleasure on all around —which reduces it to insensibility, and clothes it with repulsive attributes—which dissolves all its earthly relations, and sunders all its ties,

however tender and dear, so that they can no more be formed, or united,—and then that dense darkness that overshadows, as to us, the nature of the futurity on which the departed spirit has entered, places the death of *any individual* among the most painful and appalling of events. We cannot contemplate death, even when occurring among strangers, doing its work upon the commonest citizens, though it has been ravaging the earth for many long centuries, without a severe and painful shock to all our sensibilities. But when viewed in closer proximity,—when its victim is taken from the circles of our acquaintance, or is one who has occupied places of influence or trust, and has been distinguished by excellence of character and usefulness of life, our emotions are more painful, the awe is more solemn and oppressive.

But when it intrudes into our domestic

circle, and strikes down a venerable parent, a brother or sister, an affectionate child, or a beloved companion,—a husband, or wife,—the shock is almost overpowering, and emotions are awakened which we cannot describe, and which can find expression only in sighs and tears, and from the burden of which the soul can find adequate and permanent relief only in God, and in the grace of the gospel.

Such to-day is our sad and painful position. Death has made a terrible breach upon us. He has made his mark high. An affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent father, a sympathizing and generous brother, a pleasant companion, a valuable citizen, an able "minister of the New Testament," a most faithful and useful pastor, has fallen by his invisible, yet sure and fatal shaft. And what aggravates the woe is its sudden and unexpected visitation, and also the fact that, led by an over-

ruling, mysterious Providence to a distant city, when going in quest of health far beyond it, he fell, as it were exiled from the bosom of his family and church, and where but few of either could be with him. But some of them were present, and witnessed the last scenes of his earthly existence, and ministered to all his wants.

And strangers gathered round him there, and manifested their sympathy, and extended their aid. Thanks to those kind and generous persons in that city, who, moved by Christian sympathy, cheerfully and promptly performed many offices of love and kindness to him, and those of his friends who were permitted to visit and temporarily to remain with him.

But though the death we mourn is trying in the extreme, we will bow in humble submission to the will of him who has inflicted it, not doubting that it has been ordered in infinite

wisdom, and for the promotion of great and glorious ends. Devoutly, we therefore say, in the midst of our sorrow, "Not our will, O God, but thine be done."

We come then, with subdued feelings, to the discharge of a painful duty,—the celebration of the funeral solemnities of the Rev. Henry Augustus Rowland, D. D.

While to surviving relatives and friends the event we mourn is deeply afflictive, by reason of relations dissolved, ties sundered, friendships disturbed, and an awful, unalterable interdict which it has placed on all communication with him on earth, "till the heavens be no more," still the scenes connected with it are not wholly dark. Light is mingled with them. There was much to console the living, to sustain the dying—and for many reasons, we think that death to him who has been taken from us is unspeakable gain. He sustained

in an eminent degree the character of the servant whom the Master in the parable promoted, and, like him, he has entered, we doubt not, into the "joy of his Lord." We have, therefore, strong reasons on HIS account, at least, to mingle expressions of joy and thankfulness, in our service, and greatly to moderate our griefs. Believing that he is now in the immediate presence of the Great Master—and in the unrestricted enjoyment of the blessedness of the heavenly world, into which none but "good and faithful servants" are admitted, we may compose our feelings, and think and speak of him freely, and derive the lessons which his active life and triumphant Christian death suggest and impressively enforce.

The Rev. Henry Augustus Rowland, D. D., was the eldest son of the Rev. Henry A. Rowland, who for many years was pastor of the first Congregational church of Windsor, in the State

of Connecticut. His mother was the daughter of the Hon. Moses Bliss, of Springfield, Massachusetts. He was born on the 19th of September, 1804. The family consisted of five sons and two daughters, seven in all—two only of whom—a brother and a sister—survive him.

His early training was religious. In this regard he enjoyed the privileges usually connected with the families of evangelical and pious ministers of New England, and the salutary influence upon him was felt through all his life. His childhood was not particularly marked, but was spent chiefly at home, amid the scenes of his native place and the immediate vicinity. There he attended the common school, and, exhibiting a taste for the higher branches of education, and also the possession of talents which seemed to promise much usefulness, if cultivated, he was put up-

on a course of study preparatory to entering college. At the early age of fifteen he entered Yale College, and graduated in 1823.

His hopeful conversion to Christ occurred soon after he had entered upon college life, and before he had attained his sixteenth year. Thus from his youth he was the servant of the Lord. Though young, his religious exercises, prior and subsequent to his conversion, were very distinctly marked, and the change wrought was so decisive as to be very satisfactory to his Christian friends, as well as to inspire himself with strong hope of his personal acceptance of God, and of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.

From this date he became deeply interested for the salvation of his fellow-men. With his years this interest increased in strength. Having an intense desire to be engaged in the work of the gospel ministry, in order to pre-

pare himself for it, in 1824 he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, in the State of Massachusetts, and for three years pursued with diligence the course of study prescribed in that institution. In the autumn of 1827, he was licensed to preach by the Hampden Congregational Association of Massachusetts. He now had attained the object which he had so long desired, and he addressed himself with energy to the work of the ministry as doors of labor were opened before him.

His peculiar qualifications for enlisting the sympathies of people in objects in which he was himself interested—his industry and executive ability, soon brought him to the notice of the officers and friends of the American Bible Society, who sought and obtained his services in its behalf. He labored for that Society, discharging important duties, promoting its influence and usefulness, till the spring

of 1830,—a period of a little more than two years.

During the summer of 1830 he labored in the city of Philadelphia, supplying the place of the pastor of the Arch street Presbyterian church (now the Rev. Dr. Skinner), who was temporarily absent. His ministry there was highly acceptable and useful, and many of the people of that congregation remember him still with much affection. On the 24th of November of the same year, he was ordained an Evangelist by the Presbytery of New York.

Soon after his ordination, the Presbyterian church in Fayetteville, North Carolina, sought his labors as a pastor, and he removed thither and devoted himself to its service, though he declined to enter into the pastoral relation. He remained in Fayetteville and labored with very great acceptance, and with marked usefulness, till the early part of 1834, when under

a strong sense of duty, though greatly regretted by the church and congregation, he returned to the North with a view to remain there.

About that time the South Reformed Dutch church, in the city of New York, extended a call to him to become their pastor, in connection with the Rev. Dr. Matthews, who then, and for a number of years previously, had held the pastoral office in that church without a colleague. Simultaneously with that movement in the South Dutch Church, the Pearl street Presbyterian church, in the same city, called him to its pastorate. He accepted the latter call, and was installed over the Pearl street church on the 13th of April, 1834, where he remained about nine years, and labored with great earnestness and encouraging success, notwithstanding the peculiar infelicities connected with its location.

Having resigned the pastoral office in that church, and subsequently been called to take charge of the Presbyterian church in Honesdale, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the 14th of June, 1843, he was installed over that people. On his settlement in Honesdale, he found the church and congregation very much affected by unhappy differences, which were connected with the history of his immediate predecessor in the pastoral office, who eventually was deposed from the gospel ministry. By the blessing of God upon his instrumentality, those differences soon were harmonized, confidence and affection were restored, and the congregation increased in numbers and strength, and was marked by general prosperity. Besides its growth in numbers and material resources, many of its members were hopefully converted to God, and added to the communion, and it soon became one of the

most interesting, important and useful churches in the Presbyterian connection.

From Honesdale he removed to this city (Newark), to take charge of this church (the Park Presbyterian), to which he had been previously called, and over which he was duly installed by the Presbytery of Newark, on the 23d of January, 1856. With what assiduity, fidelity, zeal, and success he has labored here, perhaps most who hear me know. Suffice it to say, that the membership of the church and congregation has been very considerably augmented,—the interior of the church edifice has been refitted and handsomely improved, a much needed and convenient lecture-room has been erected, and the general interests of the congregation have been most encouragingly advanced, in connection with his ministry. Thus here, in this sacred temple where we are assembled, we have evidences clustering

around us, not only of his acceptableness, but of his usefulness, and possession of many rare traits of character, admirably fitting him for his work. But he has fallen in the midst of his labors,—in the strength of his manhood,—and when bright visions as to the future, in the history of his charge, were calling him to increased exertions, which he earnestly longed to put forth. He has finished his course among the churches; and here I may close my remarks upon this part of his history, and speak of other things.

As a man, he was interesting and attractive. In person, he was above the ordinary stature, well proportioned, having a finely formed and intelligent face, and a kind expression of features. His appearance was manly, and adapted to inspire respect, confidence and love. He had a strong sense of honor, integrity, and justice, which discovered itself in all the de-

partments of life. He was benevolent and truthful. He cherished a strong sympathy for his kind, which always rendered him an agreeable companion in those circles in which he had occasion to be. He was true to all his friendships. His natural temperament was ardent, cheerful, and confiding, and like others of that peculiar cast, he was subject to seasons of depression.

He was a sincere man. He was undisguised, open, frank in spirit and in action. There was with him no concealment, no harboring in his bosom, hidden from view, the feelings and opinions he had formed concerning men, or their procedure, or anything else, about which his position or his duty required him to speak. He frankly uttered his convictions, purposes, or plans, his griefs or joys, to such an extent as to seem almost to ignore what the world calls prudence. He preferred to be

betrayed at times, and wounded, too, by the designing, if it must be so, than to suppress the kind and generous feelings of the soul, the exercise of undisguised simplicity, or the utterance of what he regarded truth. In this respect, his was a character of great transparency.

He was eminently a good man. Of his conversion to Christ, and genuine attachment to the religion of the gospel, even a casual observer would scarcely fail to receive a deep impression, while those who knew him intimately, in the various positions incident to his active ministerial life, received it still more deeply. He uniformly, though unconsciously, imparted the conviction to beholders, that he loved the Saviour and his cause. His cheerfulness and mirth, his sorrows and his sighs, every feeling and principle of his nature, were chastened, modified, and governed by the laws of Chris-

tian obligation; and if by any impulses he was led to strong expressions, or decided action in a wrong direction, he would soon return, and find his proper place, as a conscientious, faithful disciple of the "Son of man."

He had no long-cherished hatred to gratify —no old grudges to revenge. If maligned, or ill-treated, his sanguine temperament might produce prompt and strong remonstrance, or sudden effort at adjustment, as he conceived the cause of truth and righteousness required; but he soon forgave the wrong, and acted as though it had been done in ignorance, or perhaps not done at all.

Governed by the law of Christian love, he cheerfully took part in measures designed for individual and public welfare. He sympathized with the poor, the destitute and the oppressed, even as an elder brother, or a father; and many a suffering individual, and

family, too, have enjoyed the advantage of his counsels, his words of consolation, or other forms of aid, which few besides the recipients have ever known.

He was a man of unusual ability. His intellectual capacity was much above that of most men. His studies had well developed the intellectual powers with which he was endowed by nature, and qualified him to occupy and hold with honor to himself and friends, not only a respectable, but a distinguished place among the more eminent ministers of the gospel. Of the elevated, or superior rank of his mind, his work, entitled "*The Path of Life*," is abundant testimony. Had he published nothing else, that is sufficient, not only to give him rank among the ablest ministers in this country, and abroad, but to perpetuate a remembrance of him as a benefactor and a very strong man in the religious world. Already

his name is fragrant with the blessings of many inquirers for salvation, who by that production of his pen have been led, instrumentally, into the light and joys of evangelical religion.

His work entitled the "*Common Maxims of Infidelity*," discovers the same qualities of mind. In that volume he grappled with the "strong man armed," and fairly overcame him in his palace, and despoiled him of his vaunted power and glory. His other works, "*The Path of Peace*," and "*Light in a Dark Alley*," exhibit the same traits—the existence and working of a vigorous intellect.

But strength was not the only quality of his mind. He had other attributes which fitted him for compositions of quite another type than those to which reference has been made—qualities which rendered his contributions to the public press quite acceptable to

the lovers of "light literature." His writings, prompted by passing events in domestic, social, or civil life, or by other causes, are various as to their topics and style of execution, but all bear the impress of one intent upon some good end. If they contain occasionally a phrase or paragraph, which a rigid censorship might desire expunged, none who read them without prejudice would put down aught to malice in the author. They bear upon their face the evidence rather of a kind and genial spirit, which would shrink from inflicting a wound, even on those whose foibles, or errors, it might mirthfully expose, with a view to secure their reform.

But I am anxious to say, what I feel assured his people, and all who knew him, will confirm: He was an excellent Pastor.

I do not mean to say that in this relation he was perfect. Perfection belongs only to the

great Head of the church. But I do mean to say, that he was remarkably endowed with qualities adapted to that sacred and important office, and fitted to render him useful, successful, and happy in it, whatever want of perfection might have been attached to him.

He appreciated the office and its relations, and cherished a deep and an abiding sense of its responsibilities.

He sincerely loved the duties of a pastor, and devoted himself without reserve to the performance of them. His whole heart went into the work to which he had been called, and his ministry was consequently not marked as a divided service.

As a preacher he had more than ordinary ability. In his sermons he studied clearness of method, comprehensiveness of thought and expression, and directness in application to the condition and wants of his hearers. His

preaching partook more of a didactic and argumentative, than of a discursive and hortatory form. Doctrinal discussion held a prominent place in his pulpit exercises. Though not insensible to the beauties of rhetoric, and competent to a highly finished order of composition, he aimed rather to instruct and to persuade to a life of godliness, than to attract admiration by a display of mere genius, or any of the ornaments of style. In manner he was plain, yet uniformly earnest and impassioned.

Prompted by industry, which was natural to him, as well as by the force of religious principle, he visited the members of his congregation frequently, and kept himself apprised of their moral and religious state, and of their various wants. He visited the dwellers in the lanes and alleys of the city; he entered the stores of the merchants, the shops of the me-

chanics, the business places of the workmen of different trades, manifestly with as much interest as he visited others in other parts of the city, and in what is regarded by some as the more elevated walks of life. His errand to those places was to seek for opportunities of doing good, as a minister of the gospel. He desired to convey to those he visited the word of life—to gather them into the fold of Christ; or, if they were already members of the divine family, to promote in them the growth of grace. He knew how to be condescending, and also how to be firm. He knew how to encourage, and also how to rebuke, for the welfare of the soul, and the honor of the Saviour and his cause; and in these things, and this course of procedure, doubtless lay the secret of much of his success in the pastoral office.

He was deeply interested in the children and youth of his church. Apparently he was

never better pleased, or happy, than when with them,—taking part in their affairs, communicating some instructions, and seeking to interest them in moral and religious things. With remarkable facility he could enter into their conceptions, and identify himself with them, and when he had imparted the lessons which he designed, resume his former position, and engage again in the duties of his office among the older members of his charge.

But while he faithfully labored for the welfare of his congregation, and longed for its advancement with a strong and consuming desire, his feelings were deeply enlisted in the prosperity of the denomination to which he belonged. He identified himself at an early day with the policy and plans of the leading members of the body, and enjoyed to a large extent the confidence and respect of those who knew him, and was allowed, in the ecclesiasti-

cal assemblies, local and general, of which he was at any time a member, an honorable share of influence.

It would add strength to the convictions we now have of the loveliness and excellence of his character, if I might speak of him as known in his domestic circle, and fulfilling the duties of his various relations within it. But I may not intrude upon the scenes of private and domestic life. I may say, however, that he was a kind, affectionate, and good father, a tender and devoted husband, a sympathizing and generous brother. He was to his family a happy exemplification of what the names of the relations he bore in it signify. But he is taken from it, from his church, and the world, to the enjoyment of the reward of the "good and faithful servant."

As we can see him no more in the midst of us, discharging the duties, or exercising the

functions, of the sacred office which he held, let us convey ourselves in imagination at least to the place where his last days were spent. Let us with reverence, becoming stillness and solemnity enter the sick chamber, and view him amid the scenes of approaching and actual dissolution. Let us remember, that not till recently did he entertain a conviction that his earthly work was nearly done,—that he was about to be called from time to eternity. At his departure from this city, in July last, to visit the eastern part of Massachusetts, and indeed for some days after his arrival in Boston, where he was detained by increasing illness, and where he eventually died, he entertained the confident expectation of speedily recovering his health, and then of resuming his ministerial labors. It was but a very short period previous to his decease that he abandoned that expectation, and became

convinced that he was near his end. The scenes of that moment when he gave up the hope of recovery were scenes which language is incompetent fully to portray; but they were all honorable to himself, in all the relations he sustained, to the religion he professed, and of which he was a minister. He received the intimations of his friends on the subject, and the convictions of his own mind, not merely with composure, but as a Christian far advanced in the divine life, and ripe for the anticipated change.

The nature of the malady by which he was affected, was such that his physician* had directed that he should be kept entirely quiet. Owing to the state of his throat, he could converse but little, and only with great effort. When he spoke, it was with such indistinctness, that it was extremely difficult to under-

* Dr. Jeffreys.

stand his words. But it was satisfactory to know, as it was known by various means, that his mind was clear, that he apprehended his condition, and that he retained his consciousness to the last.

On one occasion a little before his death, he clearly manifested the strong affection which he still entertained for his family, his friends, his church, and all the interests which had been committed to his care. His thoughts became too intense to be pent up in his bosom, and under the excitement, he tried to speak. He spoke with the relatives who attended upon him, and took an affectionate farewell of them, and sent farewell messages to those members of his family who were absent. He remembered, too, the people of his charge, and wished to leave for them his dying counsels. He began to speak, pronounced a word or two, but his utterance was unequal to his wishes; a pause en-

sued, his strength was gone, and he could not complete what he had commenced and desired to say.

Subsequently there were moments when he could and did speak at least a few words. And when he could be understood, it was strikingly manifest that he enjoyed a most happy frame of mind. Illustrative of this is the following fact. When the Rev. Dr. Blagden, one of the pastors in Boston, in one of the last interviews which he held with him and his attendants, quoted a passage of Scripture, adapted to the occasion, Dr. Rowland exclaimed with much and manifestly joyous emotion: "The Lord is good! The Lord is good! The Lord is wise! Praise the Lord."

When asked, a few days before his death, whether he could still place his confidence in Jesus,—he replied: "Yes, I rejoice! I rejoice!"

On one occasion, after having laid quiet

for a considerable time, he raised his arm, and pointed towards heaven: His wife noticing the attitude said to him:

"You see the beautiful land?"

He nodded assent twice.

Another friend then said to him:

"You will soon be there, and your trials will be over."

He again nodded assent, and said: "HOME!"

The friend rejoined:

"There you will meet many loved ones, who have gone before."

He said: "More! more!"

"You mean," said the friend, "you will see Jesus, whom you love more than all the rest?"

He nodded three times, as if he wished to give emphasis to the thought, and said:

"The Lamb! The Lamb!"

Christian friends, and members of this be-

loved church, these utterances and these scenes of the dying chamber which have now held your attention a brief moment, reveal the frame of mind in which your pastor died. You may now return from the sacred spot where he closed his useful life, and where you have now seen the triumphs of Christian faith, over death and all its associations to this sanctuary. For the last words of your beloved Pastor, you have now heard. The last moment of his earthly life, you have now seen. You left him in an ecstacy of joy, ravished with a view of the "Lamb," the great and glorious Saviour of sinners. You saw him then going rapidly to the embrace of that Saviour, and to a triumphant and most welcome entrance into the celestial city—the paradise of God, where no sin nor sorrow enters, and where he must be increasingly happy forevermore. Under the guidance and protection of "The Lamb," he

is safe. And I am persuaded, that you, even in the midst of your sorrows because of your bereavement, can rejoice to leave him in the heavenly world to "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Cease, then, your sorrowing and your tears, and rejoice that your Pastor has entered into life eternal.

Relatives and friends of the deceased—can you not heartily unite in this sentiment? We know, indeed, that your hearts bleed—that your sorrow is deep—your affliction overwhelming, especially when you think of the bereavement you have suffered. But think of the scenes of which I have spoken,—of the rewards to which your beloved has gone! What higher honors, what greater and more enduring good, could you ask for him! With him all evils are at an end, and pure and perfect happiness is enjoyed. And it is to be continued for ever.

"Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise."

From this delightful view of the state of the believers in Christ after death—and we confidently believe that he whom you now mourn is in the enjoyment of it—you may derive much consolation. But let me remind you that there is a sure and unfailing source of support to which you may always repair, and have all your

griefs assuaged. The Saviour has been manifested in the flesh, that he might sympathize with his people. Go, therefore, to him, cast all your burdens on him, for he careth for you. Trust in him, and he will not only sustain and comfort you, but this dark, perplexing and crushing dispensation, which baffles all your attempts now to understand, he will most certainly enable you to comprehend hereafter. To him, and to the word of his grace, I commend you; praying that he will, through this life, support and comfort you, and when it shall be ended, an entrance may be ministered to you abundantly, into his everlasting kingdom with exceeding joy.

Brethren of the ministry! How loud the appeal, how solemn the language of this bereavement to us! With what urgency and power does it admonish us to be active, earnest, and diligent in our work! We may be

near the close of our earthly service! But a few weeks since, our lamented brother trod the streets of this city with a firm and vigorous step, proclaimed with strong and healthful voice the truths of the gospel in this desk, and took part in all the activities of life, as we do this day. But he has ended his course. It has pleased the Master suddenly to withdraw him—to call him to his reward. Let us, therefore, be vigilant. Let us do with our might whatsoever our hands find to do, that when called to render the account of our stewardship, it may be said to us individually by our divine Lord and Master,—

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

DEC 7 1934